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The Girl with the Banjo-Case

By G. B. Burgin

[Author of Tuxter's Little Maid, Etc.]

CHAPTER I

IT IS a little difficult to know what to do with yourself when you have more money than you want, even though you are twenty-one and can still expend a vast amount in the profitable purchase of experience. Doubtless my patrimony was impoverished to some extent by the careless manner in which I had sought after wisdom for the last two years; but the results of the search failed to give me any satisfaction whatever.

One morning, while moodily deliberating which of these courses it would be wiser to pursue, as I came slowly down the Law Court steps for my daily walk, a girl tripped merrily toward me. She made no impression upon me at the time. The next morning she carried something which I supposed to be a banjo-case. Perhaps I regarded it rather lingeringly, for the girl glanced up, and swiftly went upon her way. At intervals I found myself wondering what color eyes she had, and how it was that the sweet radiance of her smile illuminated the wide gravel walk as she came with elastic step through a flock of feeding pigeons. The next time we met I noticed her hair was a soft brown, and her eyes of the tenderest hue to match.

◆

Later, further details obtruded themselves on my somewhat wistful vision. The brown hair was surmounted by a dainty little hat in which were two feathers sticking up provokingly, like Mercury's wings. As the weather was still warm, she did not require a jacket, but wore a pink blouse, which gave a reflected tint to her soft cheek. The rest of her attire altogether escaped my scrutiny or powers of description. All I knew was that it seemed just what it ought to be. Her little feet bore her along so trippingly that the only way I could contrive to take in these details was to wait by one gate of the Law Courts until I saw her enter at the other, and then descend the steps as slowly as possible. At first my eyes were gladdened with the pink blouse. As the girl came nearer I could gradually see her face. When we met (this always happened one-third of the distance from my end and two-thirds from hers) she flashed past me with such bewildering speed that I could not help wishing something would happen to make her move less like a modern Camilla speeding o'er the plain.

◆

Something did happen at last. One blessed morning, as I descended the fourth terrace (there are four terraces, with a break of two steps in the middle; if you are not careful, you generally forget the two steps in the middle, and narrowly escape falling on your nose), I found that the unknown girl was just coming up the first. A stumble on my part caused her not to take heed as to her own footsteps. She struck her little foot against one of the steps, and fell with both hands on the top of the terrace, the banjo-case gayly going bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump, until it reached the bottom. There we were, face to face in the brilliant sunshine, with the pigeons cooing and wheeling about us (she threw them crumbs as she came along, and one had become so tame that it usually perched on the banjo-case). I remember distinctly that a man was sharpening his scythe a little to the right, while another paused in his work of filling a barrow with grass in order to gaze at us amusedly. The scent of the new-mown grass floated pleasantly up to one's nostrils. Even the starving men and women who had wandered about all night for want of shelter, and came to rest their weary limbs on the benches and bask in the sun, looked around for a moment, their wan, hunger-sharpened faces betokening that, however hard their own fate, they could still interest themselves in the misfortunes of others. The policeman in the rabbit-hutch at the top of the terraces unbent judicially, and exchanged an official smile with the smart uniformed doorkeeper a little lower down; while a man who was shooting coals into a mysterious hole in the gravel path looked up, as the coal still streamed from the sack, with a friendly grin and the observation, "You've been and gorne and done it this time, and no mistake, miss."

◆

The girl rose from her knees ruefully holding out her little hands. Her dainty gloves were dusty and rubbed by the rough stone. For a moment we stood gazing at each other in silence. I did not know what to do, or whether I had better do anything at all, until I chanced to notice that the banjo-case had been battered open, and that some mysterious little books, two pencils, a piece of India-rubber, a parcel of sandwiches—one had burst through the paper—three hairpins, a piece of ribbon, two biscuits, an official-looking Blue Book, a fragment of what is technically known as "plain sewing," and several other articles reposed in a disorderly group upon the path.

"Allow me," I said hastily, "to repair the damage occasioned by my stupidity." As a matter of fact, I had not been stupid; but under the glance of those bright eyes it seemed to me that in dragging the banjo-case's miscellaneous contents to the light of day I was guilty of a gross breach of propriety, which could only be adequately punished or atoned for by penal servitude. I sprang down the steps, and began to carefully pack the various articles into the banjo-case. But it was the task of Sisyphus over again. No sooner had I rolled one article up the handle of the warming-pan arrangement at the top than it ran down. Even when I had packed half the things, the only way I could prevent their running out again was by keeping one hand (fortunately I have big hands) on them, and then swimming round, as it were, to collect the others. I could have made progress in this way had it not been for the fact that I felt crimson all over with confusion. If I put one thing into the banjo-case some demon of perversity immediately inspired four others to come out, and I might, without having had recourse to hydraulic pressure, have continued this vain struggle for the rest of my life, had not a sweet voice remarked, "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, but don't you think I had better help you? We"—there was a ripple of laughter in her voice—"we are taking the whole world into our confidence, and that pigeon over there is trying to make off with my India-rubber."

I pursued that ungrateful pigeon for twenty yards before he took wing and soared up on the roof of the building. Fortunately, the India-rubber proved to be too heavy for his carrying capacity, and I caught it as it dropped from the feeble grasp of the bird.

◆

By the time I returned to the banjo-case with my spoil it was closed. Its capacious interior had swallowed up everything, and it lay on the ground with the air of a cormorant which has overeaten itself and is sleepily conscious of the fact. While endeavoring to pack the things into it I had noticed on the cover of one of the books the words, Rivers' Shorthand School. It immediately occurred to me that, for some reason known only to herself, this bright, beautiful girl was enduring the martyrdom (it is a very common one in the nineteenth century) of learning what is miscalled shorthand—that system of dots, and dashes, and curves, and irresponsible, tadpole-like squiggles supposed to be easier to read than ordinary copperplate, but which is, as I afterward found out, a demoniacal invention calculated to destroy the reason of ninety-nine men out of a hundred and kill the hundredth.

I picked up the banjo-case and handed it to the girl. If this thing had been a story in a book instead of really happening, I should have raised my hat with airy grace, tucked the banjo-case under my arm, and accompanied the unknown to the shorthand school as a matter of course. It seemed to me, however, that the girl would think me a cad if I presumed upon this chance opportunity of making her acquaintance. It was the hardest thing in the world to do nothing; but I did it, simply continuing my way to the Strand at a rate which implied that my one object in life was to reach the gate in two seconds.

◆

When I turned to look round, the girl still stood on the topmost terrace dusting her gloved hands. Had it not been for that parting glance, I should probably have avoided the Law Courts in future and made my way to the river by another road. She moved through the iron gateway, and the world suddenly became gray, dull, worthless; the iris-hued necks of the pigeons ceased to shimmer; they were mere awkward, waddling, ungainly, greedy fowls, whose fitting destiny would have been a pie, their toes projecting through the crust; the gardener resumed his task; and the policeman at the Strand end of the inclosure regarded me with the look of a man who is bent on arresting a possible dynamitard.

My mind was made up. I would go to the shorthand school in poverty-stricken garb, and learn that mystic art of "curves struck by lightning" if it cost me my reason.

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CHAPTER II

"WHAT d'you want?" he asked, sternly surveying my somewhat shabby tweed suit and disreputable-looking slouch hat.

If I had told the truth I should have said that the only inducement which could persuade me to face my aggressive, pimple-faced interrogator was the desire to know The Pretty Girl who sat on the other side of the room looking at me with amused eyes in which there was a faint gleam of recognition. She seemed puzzled to understand how the well-dressed youth of yesterday morning's adventure could have suddenly received so knockdown a blow at the hand of Fate as to necessitate his appearance in such humiliating garb; for I had carefully donned my oldest suit of clothes—a suit I generally wore when wandering about the East End of London at night. There was no necessity whatever for me to go to the East End, but I sometimes wandered there in search of Sincerity. Since yesterday my ideas had taken the concrete shape of endeavoring to come into contact with The Pretty Girl; and now, at the hour of eleven, I found myself, hat in hand, confronting a diminutive man of about thirty, who, clad in a rather rusty frock-coat and an authoritative manner, regarded me with a glance which implied that the sooner I removed my superfluous presence the better would he be able to concentrate his mighty intellect on the task before him.

◆

The pupils of Rivers' Shorthand School met in a rather long, low-ceiled old room, up three flights of stairs, in Holborn. The house itself was one of those picturesque, cross-beamed buildings which are so rarely to be met with in our big cities nowadays. It had all the inconveniences of a bygone century. The diamond-paned windows were too small to admit sufficient light; consequently there was a fierce competition among the pale-faced students at "Rivers'" to sit nearest them. I afterward found that "Rivers" himself was as much an abstract creation as Sarah Gamp's Mrs. Harris; there did not exist anyone who had ever met this hypothetical personage face to face. Mr. Spinx (Spinx was the tyrant now interrogating me) conducted the lessons, took the money, and gave all receipts. Some of the more irreverent of the pupils were inclined to believe that Spinx had murdered Rivers, concealed his body in an old oaken coal-box which stood locked on the landing outside the door, and monopolized the business. But when one came to consider Spinx's physical qualifications for this deed of blood, it was impossible to believe that the story could have any actual foundation. Spinx had an overbearing brow, the eye of a Nero, and an unpleasant mouth garnished with pointed teeth; but his form was slight, and his authority depended mainly upon the facility with which he found out the weak spot in each of his pupils and immediately proceeded to flick it on the raw. Spinx was particularly prosperous at this juncture, and able to afford himself the luxury of being rude to a poorly dressed stranger. It had occurred to me that if I dressed in my ordinary style the proprietor of the shorthand school would immediately become suspicious as to my object; clad in my present scarecrow costume, there was really no reason why he should not regard me as a being condemned to earn my daily bread when I had painfully acquired the rudiments of his black art.

After some haggling with Spinx, in consideration of my poverty he agreed to allow me to remain as a pupil on the condition that I paid a guinea in advance for eight lessons.

"Any ordinary being," said Spinx, contemptuously, "would learn shorthand in six; you are evidently from the country, and slower-witted than most people, so I will throw you in two more lessons if you buy your exercise books from me."

◆

At this insolent outburst of expression of pity my youthful blood rose to boiling pitch. I was about to seize the overbearing pigmy by his lank hair and bump the back of his head against the blackboard, when I caught The Pretty Girl's eyes fixed upon me with friendly interest, and unhesitatingly accepted Spinx's magnificent offer. I think our aversion must have been mutual, for, after the preliminaries were arranged, Spinx put a number of questions to me skillfully adapted to wound my feelings. He obtained such contradictory replies, however, that for once in his life he was baffled, and positively disappointed when I handed him over the money for the lessons, at the same time anxiously insisting upon a receipt for the amount. "You will give me a receipt," I said simply, "won't you? I have always been told to get a receipt for everything; because, you see, when you come from the country, people are wicked enough to try to impose upon you."

Spinx was visibly annoyed at a simplicity which threatened to rob him of all ingenuity in tormenting me, but promptly handed over a receipt. I carefully put it in an old pocket-book, produced a stumpy pencil from my pocket, and announced that I was ready to begin.

Spinx's first proceeding was to throw my pencil into the fireplace. "Here's another," he said rudely—"tuppence."

I produced some coppers, in conjunction with a whip lash, an apple, a bunch of keys, and a handful of corn, regardless of the titters which greeted this display. Spinx selected twopence from the miscellaneous heap, handed me a pencil, and I proceeded to stow the other articles back into my pocket.

"Now, then, somebody," said Spinx rudely, "make room for this gentleman."

It became apparent to me that Spinx would have to be thrashed some day. The youths and boys on Spinx's left hand were so jammed together at little wooden desks that it was evident I could not sit there; the girls were on his right hand—an emblematical separation of the goats from the sheep upon which he particularly prided himself—and occupied cushioned forms. The Pretty Girl sat nearest to Spinx, at the end of the form. She immediately perceived the situation, as Spinx stood in the middle of the room wondering where I was to sit, and motioned the other girls to move up nearer to the wall, thus making room for me beside her. "Mr. Spinx," she said decidedly, looking up as she spoke, "if you don't mind, I think we can find room for the new pupil here."

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Spinx evidently did mind very much, but a second glance at me seemed to reassure him. His manner implied, "Oh, I suppose the lout must sit somewhere; but he'll very soon get tired of shorthand, and we shall see him no more."

"Certainly," he said briskly; "anything you wish I shall be only too happy to do."

The Pretty Girl's manner underwent an instantaneous change. "I mentioned it," she said icily, "because it seems to me that,

having kept the new pupil standing so long, it is surely nothing but common courtesy to offer him a seat."

Spinx reddened to the tip of his hatchet-shaped nose, the other pupils within hearing distance tittered audibly.

Imagine the situation in which I now found myself. Here I was reduced to my proper level at last, insulted by the contumelious Spinx on account of my supposed poverty, and vaguely conscious that I sat next to The Pretty Girl. A couple of yards away from us stood a blackboard, on which Spinx, with a facility born of long practice, traced curves, and dots and dashes strongly resembling the marks left by an inebriated bluebottle when it tumbles into an ink-pot and laboriously crawls away over a sheet of paper; in this instance, however, Spinx's hieroglyphics were white and the board black. His remarks to the rest of the pupils were not intended for me. I was ignominiously given the alphabet to copy out laboriously in my double-ruled little book.

There have been many forms of torture invented by the Spanish Inquisition, North American Indians, and various cannibal tribes; but of all the conceivable anguish under the sun, the first hour of a first shorthand lesson is, of course, the worst.

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To compensate for my sorrows, I sat within half a foot of The Pretty Girl, and became aware of an atmosphere of sympathy, which was probably evoked by my unconscious sighs. My hair felt as if it had turned white before Spinx suddenly announced the lesson was over, and threateningly informed me that we would go on with something else to-morrow morning. His manner implied that this something else would be very formidable indeed. When he turned away to scold one of the other pupils, The Pretty Girl spoke to me for the first time that morning. "If I were you, I would practice a little to-night," she said. "In a few days you will find it quite easy; don't be disheartened." I was not. If a million Spinxes insulted me a million times a day the reward was so great that I could endure—for a time!

As The Pretty Girl gathered up her things and followed the others out, the room she had glorified by her presence suddenly became mean and empty-looking. I went back to Gray's Inn and critically examined myself. No; my hair still retained its customary somewhat flamboyant hue. Perkins, my man, picked up the tweed suit with an air of disgust (Perkins is rather a bore sometimes). "Shall I give these to some poor objic, sir?" he inquired, with delicate contempt, when handing me my smoking jacket.

"Not for millions," I replied.

Perkins solemnly retreated to the pantry. "If Master wears those things again I owes it to my self-respec to give warning," he said to Mrs. Grump, who pretends to look after the rooms.

"It is mysterious, Mr. Perkins," rejoined Mrs. Grump; "I sympathizes with your himprehensions myself."

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CHAPTER III

IT MUST not be imagined, because I had descended into another sphere, that I altogether lost sight of my former life. Indeed, it seemed to me that it was absolutely necessary I should continue to mix with society a little, in order to escape from the revolting combinations of curves and angles which engrossed so much of my time during the day. After the second or third lesson, a blood-feud set in between Spinx and myself. I never looked at my tormentor without experiencing a strong desire to become a North American Indian and scalp him. By the time I had expended three pounds on Spinx, he was at a loss to know whether he had better forbid me the school or regard me as an ambulatory annuity. I was convinced that the other pupils rather liked me; indeed, several of them took enough interest in my welfare to advise me to go back to the country and dig potatoes, since Nature had evidently intended me for that kind of work, and amply endowed me for it.

The Pretty Girl said little to me except a cordial "good-morning" and "good-by"; but I noticed that when Spinx wanted to move me to another place she uttered something aside which turned his complexion to the most livid green I had ever beheld on any human countenance. As time passed, I grew romantically thin; food became a hollow mockery. In vain Mrs. Grump prepared tasty little dishes; they were returned to her almost untouched, and she mournfully devoured them in the pantry. Perkins regarded me as an incipient lunatic.

One morning The Pretty Girl did not come to the shorthand school for her customary lesson. On my way back to Gray's Inn all kinds of horrible forebodings oppressed me. Was it possible that she did not intend to take any more lessons?—that I should never see her again? In the midst of my perturbation, Perkins brought me a note from my cousin, Margaret Carter:

"*Dear Dick*" [it began, in that familiar style which feminine cousins conceive to be their right], "whatever has become of you lately? I cannot hear anything of you from the men at the clubs, except that there is a dark rumor afloat you have gone either to the Himalayas or Bedford Park. Mamma wants you to dine with us to-night, and go to the Free Lance Club reception afterward. You know—or you ought to know—that the Free Lances are tremendously exclusive; only exceptional men are allowed within their premises. I have told Alice Aynsley, one of their great guns, that you are exceptional, both from the gloominess of your views and the money you possess. I am not quite clear myself as to the tenets of the Free Lances, but believe they embrace an incomprehensible jumble of latch-keys and Mahatmas. We dine at eight. You had better answer this in person, and tell me all about 'it.'

"Your affectionate cousin, MARGARET."

It was just like those idiots at the club to go talking of me to Margaret. Perhaps that was the reason why she put two dashes under the word "it" in her letter. I did not want to go to the Free Lances; what were they to me, or I to them? Mahatmas failed to interest me; so did latch-keys: no girl who has once realized the discomfort of carrying a latch-key would want to do it again. But I felt so depressed that I was delighted to receive Margaret's note, and attired myself in as gorgeous raiment as the exigencies of evening dress permitted. The orchid in my buttonhole was a new kind to which the fellows at the club had not yet caught on. I felt convinced that Margaret would appreciate it, although her appreciation mattered so little to me.

Margaret made four insidious attempts during the first course to find out why I had not called in Bryanston Square lately. After these failed, she affected to believe that I wished to confide something to her, and was not to be diverted from her purpose by my nonchalant attitude. When we were left alone in the drawing-room (her mother had gone upstairs to get ready for the Free Lances) she looked at me very seriously.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she said, shaking her pretty head at me, "I am disappointed."

"Why?"

"I expected you to do something romantic some day, and I can't find out whether you've done it or not. Dick, why don't you fall in love? You shouldn't get to think that people want only your money."

"It's a pity there aren't more people like you in the world," I said gloomily.

She shook her head. "It was a good many years ago when we agreed to be friends, wasn't it, Dick?"

I nodded.

"I asked you to come to-night, Dick, because I'm very happy, and want to make you so, too; I want to embrace the whole world. Dick, I'm going to be married; and all the joy is fading out of my news because you look so unhappy. I had such a surprise for you, too, and I wanted you to enjoy it."

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My conscience smote me. "The beggar can't be good enough for you, Margaret, whoever he is."

"Why, Dick," she said in amazed tones, "I'm not worthy to tie his shoestring. He's a hero."

"He'd better remain so—to you—or I shall make it my business to look after him," I answered. The happiness in her sweet face brought all my own trouble back to me with renewed force.

"You don't ask me for my other surprise, Dick. Don't, don't look so unhappy. What is it?"

How could I tell her that I was crying for the moon? I turned my face away from the pity in Margaret's eyes, her soft hand touched my shoulder, and I gazed at the hearthrug, feeling a wild impulse to rush away into the night and hide.

"Oh, Dick! is it—?" Then softly, "Dick, I'm so grieved. Isn't there any chance for you? Oh, my poor, poor Dick!"

Her mother returned before I had time to swallow the lump in my throat. "Hadn't you better let me off?" I suggested. "I shall be lost among all those wild women."

"There will be a good many men there to-night," said Mrs. Carter, placidly. "You really want rousing, Dick."

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When we reached the Free Lance Club the outside was thronged with footmen, like the box-office entrance of a theatre on a first night. As carriage after carriage thundered up, the staircase became filled with fashionably dressed girls and long-haired poets, with here and there a clean-shaven actor or literary lion and his lioness. I was the only cub there.

"Why, you can't tell a Free Lance girl from any other girl," I said to Margaret, when we reached the top of the staircase.

"I've never been able to find any difference," said Margaret, "except that some of them work. But, Dick, I'm going to show you my surprise in a moment. Wait in the corner until the recitation is over, and we'll look for it."

The recitation, unlike most recitations, came to an end at last. It was all about a little boy who ran away to sea, and persuaded the rude, rough, untutored mariners with whom he foregathered to do without rum and tobacco, and give him the money thus saved in order that he might become a missionary.

"Now for my surprise," said Margaret impatiently. "Here she comes. I do so want you to like her. All her friends call her The Pretty Girl. Isn't she just the loveliest girl you have ever seen?"

"W—who is she?" I gasped, leaning against the wall and staring at a girl making her way toward us.

"Alice Aynsley, the Vice-President of the Free Lances," said Margaret. "She's been learning shorthand lately, just to see what kind of work it is for women. She's always doing something like that. Isn't it noble?"

The Pretty Girl came toward us, and cordially held out her hand to Margaret. "How do you do, Margaret?" she said. "I'm getting on so well with my——"

Then she saw me.

"My cousin, Richard Armitage," said Margaret. "You've often heard me speak of—why, have you met before?"

"Ye—es," said Miss Aynsley; "but I did not expect to see Mr. Armitage here."

"I must go to mamma," said Margaret suddenly, after glancing up into my face. "Mr. Armitage will look after you, Alice; there's a lovely seat on the balcony out there."

I offered my arm to Miss Aynsley. She placed the tip of one finger on it, and we went to the balcony under the moonlit sky.

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In the vestibule below the band of the First Life Guards discoursed sweet strains; high above in the soft gray-blue air a majestic moon swam slowly into sight; the balcony was deserted; my eyes sought the ground; I dared not look upon her face, but stood, with clasped hands, waiting for The Pretty Girl to speak.

"What does it all mean?" she asked. "Mr. Armitage, is this a joke? Why did you masquerade at—at Spinx's? Why?"

I tried to speak, but my tongue twisted round my teeth.

"Did you know me?"

"No."

"Why did you do it? Why have you so patiently put up with the consequences of your freak. Do you know"—her voice was maddening in its angelic pity—"do you know I have lain awake cudgeling my brains how to obtain a situation for you?"

"For me? For me?"

"Yes; for you. I was trying to send you as under-gamekeeper to Bollitho Towers, my cousin's place. I thought you would be so much happier there than learning shorthand. You know you haven't the slightest chance of learning it."

"I hate it!" I burst out vehemently. "I should like to smash Spinx."

"Then why did you go there?" she asked, waiving the question of the demolition of Spinx for the time being.

"Because I love you."

"Me!"

"Yes—you! The first moment I saw you—when you tumbled down and upset the banjo-case."

"And you followed me?"

"No; I saw the name of the school on one of your books. I hoped to be near you, that was all. I thought you were a poor girl. I wanted you to love me. I love you with all my heart and soul. Can't you understand? Won't you forgive me? You came just as I was railing at my purposeless life; there was nothing in it; it was all empty, empty, empty. You came and filled it with light, and music, and joy. Don't go out of it; don't turn away from me!"

From across that awful gulf of silence between us reached her silver voice. "And you've suffered? How thin you are! I thought you were starving, and wanted to help you without being known."

"You!"

"Yes; and—and——" She hesitated a moment, then bravely continued, "I hoped that you—would—not—become—a—gamekeeper."

"Why?—why?—why?—"

Again her silver voice reached me. "Your tablets?" She took the little ivory page and pencil and dashed off a few words in shorthand. "Go down to Mr. Spinx to-morrow and ask him to read it to you and the whole class. Now, please take me in again."

When we rejoined Margaret she looked at me in alarm. "Dick, your eyes are blazing. You're not ill?"

"Mr. Armitage will be better able to tell you to-morrow," said The Pretty Girl. "In the meantime, Margaret, he might get me an ice. Ices are my one frivolity."

After The Pretty Girl had gone home, I walked down to my confidant, Father Thames, and communed with him till daylight. At nine o'clock I was waiting outside the school, my coat buttoned tightly over my white tie. The pupils looked wonderingly at my varnished shoes and black trousers. One of them asked if I were going to a funeral, the others surveyed me curiously.

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When Spinx took his place at the blackboard, "Might I trouble you for one moment?" I asked.

"What is it?" Spinx demanded, looking at me for the first time.

The contrast to my usual attire nearly struck him dumb. He gasped like a fish out of water. "Turned waiter?" he inquired.

"Miss Aynsley requested me to give you this to read out to the class," I said, handing him the tablet.

He glanced at The Pretty Girl's place and saw that it was vacant. "Oh, a message. Very well. Give it to me."

He looked at me, then grimly read out the words on the tablet, without a word of comment, to the expectant class:

"'*Dear Mr. Spinx:* Just a line to explain that I shall be unable to finish my shorthand lessons, as I am engaged to Mr. Richard Armitage, who is well known to you.

"'Faithfully yours, ALICE AYNSLEY.'"

And so the girl with the banjo-case composed and arranged our wedding march.

Wisdom of Young Sages

THE HUMOR OF CHILDREN

DEFINING BY EAR.—A teacher requested each scholar to give a sentence containing the word "toward." One boy, of nine years, evolved: "I toared my pants!"

DOUBLE LATENESS.—Manager (to errand boy half an hour late): "John, how is it you are always late in arriving, and always the first to leave?" John: "Weel, sir, ye wadna hae me late twice a day, wad ye?"

A BUDDING PHILANTHROPIST.—Mother: "What did you do with that medicine the Doctor left for you?" Small boy: "I heard there was a poor boy ill in the back street, and I took it round and left it for him."

SARCASM ILLUSTRATED.—Visitor: "Sam, I wish to ask you a few questions." Sam: "Yes, sir." Visitor: "If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" Sam: "Oh, that, sir, is sarcasm."

THE WEAKER SEX STANDS TOGETHER.—"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie: "I love papa most." Charlie's mother: "Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most." Charlie: "Can't help it, mamma. We men have to hold together."

A DEADLOCK IN THE HOUSE.—"Mamma." "Well, Freddy?" "You whipped me last week for whaling Jimmy Watts, and papa whipped me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps walloped me." "Well?" "I'm wondering, mamma, what'll happen sometime when it's a draw."

WHY SHE DIDN'T LAUGH.—A little three-year-old girl went to a children's party. On her return she said to her parents: "At the party a little girl fell off a chair. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't." "Well, why didn't you laugh?" "'Cause I was the one who fell off."

TWO OF A KIND.—A lady gave her little niece a beautifully mounted stuffed kitten. "But, aunty, I can't take it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Why not?" "Because I've got some little birds." "This cat won't catch your birds; it's a stuffed cat!" "But my birds are stuffed ones, too."

FISHING WITH FAITH.—Boy (on the stump, who has been patiently watching the strange angler for about an hour): "You ain't caught anything, 'ave yer?" Stranger: "No, not yet, my boy." Boy: "P'raps the reason is there wasn't no water in that pond till it rained last night."

GRANDPA'S ABSENTMINDEDNESS.—A little girl who was trying to tell a friend how absentminded her grandpa was, said: "He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

MORE LOVING THAN IT SEEMED.—Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms, when she said: "Walter, it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you." Walter replied, cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just alive, we don't care how much you suffer."

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.—Mr. and Mrs. Jones conversed at the table so earnestly that they forgot to serve Adele, their four-year-old. At last, in a break of the dialogue, she said: "Mamma, please pass me the salt." "The salt, child? What for?" "Oh, I might need it in case papa should give me any meat."

HOME-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—Johnny Dumpsey: "Oh, ma, I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day." Mrs. Dumpsey (much gratified): "Why, darling?" Johnny Dumpsey: "Because the scholars all laughed at me so to-day that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Beck."

BIGAMY PROHIBITED.—"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday-school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?" said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters."

AN UNAUTHORIZED INVITATION.—"I was sorry, Willie," said his Sunday-school teacher, "to see you keep your seat when the superintendent asked those who wanted to go to Heaven to rise. Don't you want to go to Heaven?" "Yes'm." "Then why didn't you rise?" "'Cos he didn't have no right to tell me to rise, ma'am," answered Willie. "He ain't no Angel Gabriel."

THE CONQUEST OF OPPORTUNITY.—At a picnic given the waifs of Chicago, a plate of tarts was passed to two little urchins, evidently chums. One, whose mouth was too full for utterance, and plate too full for even an extra tart, shook his head; not so his neighbor, who added the tart to his pile of goodies. In a few minutes number one had so reduced his plate that he asked for the refused dainty, when he was told they were gone. Whereupon his little friend was heard giving him this advice: "The time to take tarts, Bob, is when they're a-passing!"

When the Tide is Coming In

SOMEHOW, love, our boat sails lighter,
Smoother, faster on the bay—
Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter,
Softer, warmer thro' the spray—
Somehow, love, the sky is clearer,
God and man seem nearer kin—
Somehow even you are dearer
When the tide is coming in!

"'Tis the spring of life unending
At the source of motion, dear!"
"'Tis the stream of hope ascending
From the depths of ocean, dear!"
"'Tis the heart of Nature beating,
Where the throbs of life begin!"
"Earth and Heaven gladly meeting,
When the tide is coming in!"

Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter,
Softer, warmer thro' the spray,
And your laughter ripples lighter
O'er the whitecaps on the bay;
In our path no tinge of sadness,
In our wake no shade of sin,
For our hearts are filled with gladness
When the tide is coming in!

—Minneapolis Journal.

* * *

The Lie that Tony Told

THE FRAGRANCE OF A WOMAN'S LOVE

By Henry Seton Merriman

I HAD known Jacques de Kéroualles at Fontainebleau years before the war, and when he was brought into my little field-hospital amid the luxuriant vineyards of Marly-sur-Seine, only a few miles from the edge of the great forest, he recognized me at once. It was early morning; indeed, the dawn had scarce come, and the river below us was pearly gray in the growing light, as rivers are before sunrise.

"*L'Anglais*," he cried joyously, for De Kéroualles was a merry soul. He raised his bloodstained hand in a little gay salute. I make no doubt he had fought bravely and in a manner worthy of the old blood in his veins. He was wet through and covered with dirt. The battle had taken place on the previous afternoon, and the wounded were consequently allowed to lie out on the fields the whole night. "*Le petit jeune homme*," he added, "we meet again."

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Then he fainted, with the smile on his lips. It is only in books that men die differently to what they have lived. It did not take me long to look at this gay youth's wound, cutting away his English-made linen, slicing the cloth of his rough uniform of a private soldier of the Army of the Seine—a mere band of volunteers despite their grand name. I knew a seminariste in it—not yet ordained a priest—who fought bravely through it, although he lacked the strength to hold his rifle straight without a support.

I saw at once that the career of Jacques de Kéroualles was nearly over.

Suddenly it all came back to me—Fontainebleau and the happy, careless, reckless life in the old town where the very paving-stones are saturated with history and worn by the tread of those that made it. Jacques de Kéroualles; Tony, Vicomte de Muy; Raoul de Kolles, and half-a-dozen others—harum-scarum fellows who made life one long laugh. So we were nevermore to hear De Kéroualles' merry nonsense song of the three grenadiers, that ended with

"*Per-rom . . . pom . . . pom . . . !*"

How often had we shouted the one-line chorus in the Rue de France as the slow morning crept up the sky behind the palace!

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I rose from the wounded man's side and went out to the veranda of the villa, converted into a temporary field-hospital. A cavalry officer in the gay blue uniform of his immortal regiment, with a short, fur-trimmed cape thrown carelessly back from the shoulder, stood moodily looking down over the vineyards. He turned at the sound of my footstep and shook hands gravely. I looked hard at him. It was Tony de Muy—a grizzled, hard-faced soldier.

"Well?" he asked. He looked into my face sharply, and then he made a grimace. "You need say nothing; I see from your face."

He threw away a half-burned cigarette, and resumed his attitude of gloomy reflectiveness. I had known him a young man a few years earlier, and, glancing at him, wondered whether I looked as middle-aged as that.

"The devil take all women!" he suddenly exclaimed with his absurd French vivacity, and stamped his spurred heel on the tesselated pavement. "The devil take all women, *mon ami*."

"He will have as many as he can manage," I suggested, for I was young in those days, and the little wound I still carry had a smart in it yet.

"You remember my sister?" Tony said curtly, and I nodded. We had all been in love with Mademoiselle de Muy, and she had managed in some way to keep us all in hand at once. She was fresh from a convent, where it seems these little arts must be acquired. The "*bolte*" that gave me my own hurt was, by the way, learned there. So far as Jacques de Kéroualles had been concerned, however, we had always known that it was a serious matter.

"Before the war," Tony de Muy went on, "they were engaged. Then Jacques joined the army. What else could he do? As for me, I had always been in it, as you know. It is for our country, and Jacques was among the first. It is for our poor France that some of us fight for these Napoleons."

He turned and looked into the dim room where the cots were ranged in ranks—head and foot—the length of the floor.

"He thinks that she has kept her word," he said; and I wondered how a few years' service could have hardened him.

"And——?"

"And she is *fiancée* to some Italian count—some scum of Rome—who doubtless wears high-heeled boots and paints his face, as I have seen them."

In his heat he spoke too loud, and Jacques de Kéroualles, lying in that quiet room, recognized the voice, though he could not possibly have distinguished the words.

"Is that thou, Tony?" called out the cheery voice from within. It was impossible to realize that these were the tones of a dying man. I have seen two die laughing—both Frenchmen.

"Yes," answered the man by my side.

We entered the room together. De Kéroualles smiled when he saw us side by side, Tony de Muy towering above me.

"See you—Tony," he said, with a sudden change to gravity which had always been characteristic of him. English people—and there are always a few living at Fontainebleau—thought De Kéroualles very French—"See you—the good God wants me. What will you—we must be satisfied."

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Tony held his lip with his teeth and made no answer.

"If I could have seen Rénée," murmured the dying man with a wistful look at me. In books men invariably seem to die satisfied. In my experience they have always wanted something I could not give them.

"*Le petit jeune homme* looks grave," he said. "Ah, yes, I know! We were to have been married, *mon ami*, that is all."

Then he lay still for a minute or so.

"I wonder if she loves me," he said in a weaker voice, with a calm assurance characteristic of his nation, which has no awkwardness where we are self-conscious and shy.

"Not a doubt of it," answered Rénée's brother steadily.

And the dying man's eyes lighted. If I could tell all that I have seen compassed by a woman's love behind her back I should be disbelieved. The best stories are untold.

"At last?" whispered De Kéroualles.

"At last!" was the unflinching reply.

"Tell me," went on the dying man, "did she say so?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

The Vicomte de Muy looked in my face and breathed heavily. As for me, I looked out of the window.

"Did she say she would be content to marry me?"

"Yes—quite content."

"And more—beyond, I mean? All of it? I am the last of the De Kéroualles."

And I heard the first catch in his breath.

"Yes—all of it," answered De Muy, who had two little sons at home, in the South.

"She wanted that also?"

"Yes—she wanted that also!"

There was a silence. The sun was now rising behind the pine-trees on the other bank of the river. Its golden light showed that on the face of Jacques de Kéroualles which had not hitherto been noticeable. He was dying of an internal bleeding which art was powerless to stop. He looked at me.

"So—*le petit jeune homme*," he said with his wonderful gayety, "you see life has been worth the living—after all. To have won that—although it is so soon lost."

Tony de Muy was looking at me across the cot with an expression which reminded me of my first operation.

Jacques de Kéroualles did not speak again, and the smile slowly chilled, as it were, on his waxen features. De Muy failed for some time to realize that his friend was dead. Then he suddenly perceived it, and his grim face relaxed.

"God forgive me," he muttered, and pressing my hand he strode out of the room. His horse was awaiting him, and I heard him clatter away to the front where the fighting had begun again.—The National Observer.

* * *

Weighing a Pencil-Mark

SCALES are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything, to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are inclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down. The balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button, which slightly raises the beams. Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil on either piece will cause the other side to ascend, and the needle, which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the ten-millionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular. A signature containing nine letters has been weighed by this delicate balance and proved to be the fifteen-thousand-five-hundredth part of an ounce troy.

The World's Smallest Republics

NATIONS THAT ARE NO LARGER THAN VILLAGES

By R. W. McAlpin

ABOUT a dozen miles to the northeast of Sardinia is the smallest of all the little republics—that is, the smallest in point of population. Tavolara, says Mr. McAlpin in the Denver Republican, is an island about five miles long and of an average width of a little more than half a mile. There are fifty-five men, women and children in the little republic; yet they elect a president every six years and a council of six members, all serving without pay. The women of Tavolara go to the polls and vote with the men; and ever since it became a republic in 1836 all public business has been transacted without turmoil, and the two elections thus far held have been as peaceful functions as so many tea parties. When the Island of Tavolara was granted to the Bartoleoni family by King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, in 1836, he little expected that in half a century the inhabitants would throw off the yoke of monarchy and take to themselves the right to be governed by themselves. From 1836 to 1882 they were ruled by a King, but King Paul I breathed his last while writing his will. He had requested that none of his kin should succeed to the throne, and as not one of his relatives claimed the honor, the people, four years later, drew up a constitution, and Tavolara has been a very successful little republic ever since. In 1887 its independence was recognized by Italy, and, no doubt, other Powers would have recognized it also if they had known of its existence.

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The school-books don't tell us anything about the republic of Goust, which is an oversight, for Goust is, as to area, the smallest of all the little republics. It is not more than one-third as large as Tavolara, although it boasted last year a population of one hundred and thirty souls. It is an older republic than the United States, having existed since 1648, and enjoys the distinction of being recognized by both Spain and France. Goust, with an area of about a mile, is on the flat top of a mountain in the Lower Pyrenees, and has a president selected by its council of twelve, who are chosen every five years by the people. The president is also tax collector, assessor and judge. If his decisions are displeasing to the people they appeal to the Bishop of Larnns, in the Spanish parish down the mountain side, and what the Bishop says is law. Goust has no church, nor clergyman, nor cemetery. The people worship in churches beyond the limits of their country; and when a death occurs among them the body is slid down to a cemetery in Ossan Valley below, where all baptisms and marriages are performed.

The republic of Frenceville is an island east of Australia and north of New Caledonia. Its area is about eighty-five miles, and its population five hundred and fifty, of whom forty are whites. The Island was once a colony of France, but in 1879 it was declared independent, and the inhabitants at once adopted a republican constitution. The government is in the hands of a president and a council of eight elected by the people, black and white, men and women. The offices are held only by white males. The president last elected is R. D. Polk, a native of Tennessee, and a relative of James K. Polk, one of the presidents of our own republic. There is a perfectly organized republic in the western part of North Carolina; but, although it is practically independent of both State and National government, it has never been recognized by foreign Powers, although its independence is, in a certain way, acknowledged by our government at Washington. It is the home of about one thousand of the eastern branch of the Cherokee Indians, and is known as the Qualla Reserve, a tract comprising fifty thousand acres—about eighty square miles—of the richest valley land of the Old North State, lying along the Ocona Lufta and Coco creeks. The president of the little republic is elected every four years. He receives a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and when at Washington on the republic's business, four dollars a day extra.

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When the chief is absent his duties are performed by an assistant chief, a member of the National council, who receives a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The chief's cabinet is made up of three secretaries or advisers, and the council or congress comprises two delegates from every one hundred members of the tribe. All Cherokee males of sixteen years or over, and all white men who have Indian wives, have the right to vote. Although the chief possesses the veto power, he cannot act in any matter of public policy without the consent of the council. No one can hold office who denies the existence of God or of Heaven and hell; nor is any one eligible who has at any time been guilty of defrauding the tribe. The constitution provides for the maintenance of a public school in which both the Cherokee and the English languages are taught, as are also certain mechanical arts. The Indian citizens of the Qualla Reserve are far in advance of the "poor whites" who live in the surrounding country. They are all law-abiding.

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Away up in the eastern spurs of the Apenine Mountains, and spreading over a territory thirty-three square miles in area, is the queer little Italian republic of San Marino, with a population something less than six thousand, who make delicious cheese and wine, that are always spoken of with respect. It is governed by a grand council of sixty members who are elected for life. Of these, twelve are chosen as a sort of supervisory council, who decide questions that hang fire in the greater body. There are two presidents—called captains-regent—one of whom is appointed by the council of twelve, the other elected by the people. The cabinet of advisers is composed of a home secretary, a minister of foreign affairs and a chancellor of the exchequer or secretary of the treasury. The little republic has an army of nine hundred and fifty men, whose main employment is as policemen.

The city of San Marino, with a population of about one thousand seven hundred inhabitants, is one of the queerest old towns in the world. It has undergone little or no change in five hundred years. The people dress just as they did when Columbus set sail from Palos, but few houses have been built since then; the streets are just as steep and narrow, and there are no shops within its limits. If you want to go shopping, or to get your shoes cobbled, or to transact any other business, you must foot it down to Borgodi San Marino, the village about two miles away. San Marino is proud of her antiquity. She began as a community in the year 885, and was a republic in 1631.

A little bit larger in population, but six times as large in area, is that other half-French and half-Spanish republic of Andorra—sometimes called Andorre. It lies in an almost inaccessible valley of the Eastern Pyrenees, between the French department of Ariege and Caladorra in Spain. There is but one way of getting to Andorra from France, and that is by the River Bolira. To reach it from Spain you come down on mule-back over one of the most dangerous foot-paths in Europe. When you reach the country you meet a fine, courteous people, robust, intelligent, brave and hospitable, whose principal occupation is the cultivation of fruit and the mining of some of the finest iron and lead deposits in the world.

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Andorra became a free State in 819. The republic is governed by a sovereign council of twenty-four members elected by the people, and a syndic or president chosen for life by the council. The republic is somewhat hampered; for while it elects its own officers and collects its own taxes, and looks out for its own army of eleven hundred men, it has to pay to France nine hundred and sixty francs a year for the free importation of corn into the country, and is forced to import from France. Then Andorra must accept one of her two supreme judges from France. Andorra, the capital of the republic, contains about two thousand two hundred inhabitants, who are becoming gradually modernized, and are wiping out and tearing down many of the old town's evidences of antiquity. The tendency toward change, or advance, as they call it, is shown in another direction. A few months ago Andorra bought a big gun of Herr Krupp, and planted it almost in the centre of the republic, right between Spain and France. Europe trembles, for when that gun is fired either France or Spain will be hit. It carries twenty miles, and Andorra's territory, you know, is but seventeen miles across. The Krupp gun is her only piece of ordnance, but well handled, and supported by her eleven hundred soldiers, think what mischief she can do should any other Power attempt to come single-file against her territory by wading the rocky Bolira.

There is another little republic, of which much could doubtless be said, if we only knew more about it. I mean Mausuet, a republic covering four square miles, tucked away between Aix-la-Chapelle, Belgium and Vermus. There are but three thousand people in Mausuet, but they are proud, they inhabit a lovely country, and they have enjoyed the rights of republican citizenship since the year 1688. It is a republic, free and independent, under the protection of Germany, and has an army of three soldiers, who, when not absorbed in military duties, act in the capacity of policemen. It has a president and a council of five, who are elected every three years, the president being eligible for only two terms. The capital is Mausuet, a town of sixteen hundred inhabitants, who are justly proud of their government building, erected in 1833 at great cost.

The Turning of the Tide

THE STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN

By Florence Stacpoole

CHAPTER VIII

THE day when Gregory Hardcastle rode through Bridgend and handed in at the telegraph-office Mr. Burton's message to Mr. Robinson was about seven weeks after Eric and Beatrice had arrived in Birmingham.

Of their letters Mr. Burton heard just so much as Miss Steet chose to tell him. He had answered the notes—that is, he had dictated the replies—but Harriet had transmitted just so much as she thought proper. She had omitted, however, to mention anything about the money to which the old gentleman had succeeded, and carefully concealed the fact that he was ill, so that Beatrice and Eric were really in as great ignorance as if they had received no reply.

When Eric had paid for the "practice," he had, as was stated, but a few hundred dollars remaining. Out of this he had to pay wedding, traveling and honeymoon expenses.

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When, therefore, the young pair, on the evening of their arrival at Doctor Higgins' house, counted over their ready cash, and stood face to face with the world with nothing between them and destitution but the practice and the contents of Eric's pocket-book, they stood silently contemplating the prospect of coming destitution—or separation. Not that either thought of leaving the other because of poverty—the idea of anything of the kind had never occurred to Beatrice for a moment.

"Perhaps, dear," Eric said, trying to steady his voice, "if we tried—if we lived as cheaply as possible—we might hold out until some money comes in. The practice may revive when the people find a steady man in charge and not a reprobate."

"We can live on very little," replied the young wife, "and we don't want a servant—I can do what is wanted."

"Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice," ejaculated Eric mournfully, "what a fate I have brought you to! What misery I have brought you, my poor girl, my beautiful darling!"

"Dearest," she answered fearlessly, "I have never been used to riches, and know something about managing. Do not let us give way to despair."

But for the brave girl's words, Eric would have undoubtedly despaired. The outlook was so black that one could hardly call him cowardly for it.

"In mercy's name!" thought the unfortunate young man, "is there any use in keeping up the struggle?"—and, really, there did not seem to be much.

Eric and his wife had threshed out the subject on the day after their arrival, and had come to the conclusion, after making inquiries in the neighborhood, that it would be useless to try to find Doctor Higgins. The matter was laid before the police, who said they would see to it, but advised the employment of detectives.

The matter was laid also before the medical council, but all they could do was to remove the man's name from the medical list, which might be a protection to others, but was small consolation to Doctor Kenlis.

As it seemed absolutely certain that the money was irretrievably gone, there was nothing to do but face facts as they were. A hundred dollars or so is certainly better than no cash at all, but it is hardly a sum on which a young couple can move from place to place till they find a suitable practice for the bread-winner to start upon.

"We must risk it, Beatie," said Eric, when their cogitations had lasted far into the night; "we had better stay here. We have the house, and the few things that are in it, and I will make an effort and see if I can't get some of the original patients back."

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Hope, as we know, is a flatterer, so the young couple resolved to stay. Beatrice faced the fight bravely. She bought soap and a scrubbing-brush, and with her own pretty hands cleansed the house from attic to cellar. She worked early and late, even washing the steps in the dawn, while Eric cleaned the windows.

Beatrice also washed the bottles and piled them neatly on a shelf in the office, so that the patients—when they came—should be able to take away their medicines in them. She cooked and mended, toiled and saved, scraped and almost starved.

Day by day the Doctor's means dwindled, and the prospect of patients, too. An odd one came now and again, attracted, perhaps, by the clean-looking house, which shone like a beacon in the midst of the sea of dirt that surrounded it. Once in a while an errand-boy with an injured limb, the result of an accident, or a servant-girl with toothache, called in Doctor Kenlis' aid, but such jobs were not remunerative.

Matters are generally said to look blackest before improving, but in some cases inky blackness is but a herald to still deeper gloom. Eric was just beginning to feel the icy grip of certainty close round him—the certainty of failure—when two things happened.

The landlord applied for the rent for half a year, now long overdue. The scale had turned; Hope and her flatteries deserted him, and Eric gave up the battle.

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Once again he wrote to Beatrice's grandfather, but his letter was in very different spirits and in a very different strain from the previous communication.

400 Milk Street, BIRMINGHAM.

"My dear Mr. Burton: You have been very good to me. You have intrusted me with the most precious possession you had; and I will not say I have broken my trust, except in so far as I have been recklessly credulous. I ought to have had more knowledge of the world; I trusted too easily and have been duped. The man who sold me the practice, the particulars of which I gave you, was a low swindler. The practice is worth nothing, and I am ruined.

"Please don't think that I am a coward. When I say 'ruined,' I mean that the money with which I meant to start life is gone. I have been robbed of it, but I have still, thank Heaven, my profession, my health and my strength. It is only for my darling girl that I am in an agony of trouble. I shall, I feel certain, be able to win a home for her, but in a profession like mine it takes time.

"In my extremity, therefore, I write to ask whether you will allow Beatrice to return to you for a few months. I can easily get the position of assistant, but to share such posts wives are seldom admitted. I could, however, save sufficient to make my wife an allowance; and I shall use all my best endeavors—as I am sure you know—to secure a position as soon as possible in which she can join me again.

"We have not told you of the trouble we have been through, because we hoped against hope that we should have surmounted the waves of misfortune. I have not told Beatrice I am writing to you, but I can no longer endure to see her efforts in the struggle. She is heroic beyond what I could have conceived possible, but I cannot let her continue as she is doing. If you can give her a home again for a few months, I know I shall succeed, and we shall be soon reunited. I am sure you can understand what it costs me to write this. Ever faithfully yours,

"ERIC KENLIS."

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This letter was delivered into Miss Steet's hands in the evening of the day on which Gregory Hardcastle wired Mr. Robinson to come down to make Mr. Burton's will.

She had been consumed with rage, with apprehension, with indignation, that the "stubborn old man" had coolly taken upon himself to act in his own affairs, had dictated his telegram to another than herself, and had determined to have his will made by a lawyer. What might happen next? Perhaps he would actually leave some of the money to Eric and Beatrice!

Miss Harriet swelled with anger at the thought. But, if possible, she was more vexed when she recalled another incident of the day. She had followed the Doctor from Mr. Burton's room, and had tried, in vain, to induce him to give up the telegram.

Looking straight at her he said:

"Miss Steet, you no doubt have some very good reason for trying to stop the sending of this telegram, but I have promised it shall go, and my opinion is that the sooner Mr. Robinson arrives and takes charge of your grandfather's affairs the better." With a bow Gregory mounted Doctor Bailey's horse and rode off.

Miss Steet literally foamed with fury, but a slight diversion occurred when, by the last post, Eric's letter arrived, and, having dexterously opened it in the usual way, she read its contents.

"This, grandfather shall never see, at any rate!" she declared, and tore the letter into little pieces, which she burned.

Sitting down she replied as follows:

"Dear Mr. Kenlis: Mr. Burton desires me to say that he has read your letter with regret, but that he does not approve of married women being supported by any one but their husbands; that he totally objects to receiving visits of indefinite length from a discarded wife, and that he cannot assist you by taking your responsibilities on his shoulders.

"Yours sincerely, HARRIET STEET."

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CHAPTER IX

AT THE very moment that Eric was reading, with a face alternately flushed and white from emotion, the letter written by Miss Steet, Mr. Robinson, the lawyer, accompanied by a clerk, was being set down at Mr. Burton's door.

Harriet received the lawyer with as much affability as she could bring herself to display, which, truth to tell, was not much.

She would stick to her guns, however, and would remain close at her grandfather's elbow throughout the whole business.

"He dare not—no, he dare not," she thought passionately, "do me injustice while I stand beside him!"

Doctor Hardcastle took care to fulfill his promise of witnessing the will. He had persuaded Susan to inform him when Mr. Robinson arrived, and was in immediate attendance.

The Doctor was standing near his patient's chair when the lawyer was ushered into the bedroom by Harriet Steet. At her grandfather's desire she had unwillingly gone down to meet him on his arrival, and had left Gregory alone with Mr. Burton.

"My dear fellow," said the old gentleman hastily, "just tell this attorney I want to see him alone—alone, do you understand?"

"All right, my dear sir, I'll tell him," replied Doctor Hardcastle, with a smile.

"Tell him to insist!" exclaimed the sick man.

A moment afterward—for Harriet was quickly back—the door opened, and Miss Steet and Mr. Robinson appeared.

When the introductions had been duly made, the medical man motioned to the lawyer to cross the room with him to the window.

"Mr. Burton wishes to speak to you alone," Gregory said meaningly.

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Robinson, and his eyes wandered toward Harriet, who was looking alternately at him and Gregory. The lawyer was a man of the world, being a capital judge of physiognomy, practiced in the difficulties that surround the making of the wills of rich men, and well used to visiting sick-rooms on professional business, and his experienced eye told him that no time was to be lost in taking Mr. Burton's instructions.

"They should have wired more urgently," he thought, "and I would have put Lord Cobham's settlements off and come yesterday; however, this business can be done at once, fortunately."

"May I request the favor of five minutes' conversation in private with my client?" he asked suavely, comprehending in a glance and a bow both Harriet and Gregory.

"Certainly," replied the latter with a grim humor, immediately making for the door. "Come along, Miss Steet!"

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Harriet's face became ghastly, and she laid her hand on the back of her grandfather's chair with a grip like that of a drowning man clinging to a spar.

"I know all about my grandfather's affairs," she said in a suppressed tone of concentrated fury. "He has nothing private from me! It is quite right for Doctor Hardcastle"—with a sneer—"to go from the room, but I shall remain!"

"But, my dear young lady, it is absolutely necessary that my client should see me alone after he has expressed a wish to do so!"

"He has not!" exclaimed Miss Steet, "and I shall not leave him alone!"

"My dear madam, your attitude may lay your conduct open to misinterpretation," said the lawyer significantly.

"What do you mean?" demanded Harriet.

"I don't wish to make myself unpleasant," returned Mr. Robinson. "I will, therefore, ask you, Mr. Burton, if you wish to consult me privately?"

"I do," replied the old man firmly.

"That is quite sufficient. Now, madam"—and he approached Harriet and spoke in a low tone—"you have heard of charges of intimidation, and would not wish such an allegation to be brought against you?"

She started violently.

"It may militate against your prospects," he added warningly. "You had better leave us!" The woman realized that further opposition was useless.

What ensued did not take place until after Mr. Robinson had, according to his client's suggestion, shut the windows, drawn a screen in front of the door, and stuffed his pocket-handkerchief into the keyhole.

The lawyer laughed at this last precaution more than he had ever laughed during the drawing up of a will.

"Women are curious folk, sir," remarked the old contractor sententiously; "and when you're dependent on them, and they are full of whims, why, you have to take care!"

Doctor Hardcastle and the attorney's clerk were called up afterward. The will was duly witnessed, signed, sealed and deposited in the safe keeping of Mr. Robinson, who took it with him on his return to town.

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The will did not reach town on this occasion, because, when the cab containing Mr. Robinson and his clerk—Mr. Jackson—drove up to the station at Bridgend, its occupants were just in time to witness the end of the train disappear into the tunnel.

The clerk went into the ticket-office to inquire how long they should have to wait, and came back with the pleasing intelligence that the next train left at 9:50 on the following morning.

"We must return to Mr. Burton's," Mr. Robinson observed quietly; "and see where we can be accommodated for the night. Calm yourself, Jackson!"

At the cottage there was but one spare room, and Mr. Robinson was installed in this for the night, while Mr. Jackson was obliged to put up with the meagre accommodation afforded by the village inn.

The lawyer, fortunately for himself, went to bed early and dropped off into a sound sleep, otherwise he would not have had much of a night's rest, for at four o'clock in the morning the inmates of the house were roused. Mr. Burton had been taken alarmingly ill, and the old man's groans echoed through the cottage; he was evidently in dire agony, and the kind-hearted lawyer immediately volunteered to go for the Doctor, leaving the women-folk to get hot water and other appliances ready.

But all human agency was of no avail. By six o'clock Mr. Burton's condition was hopeless, and by half-past six the old man, who had inherited his wealth just too late, passed to the region where riches and poverty are unknown.

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By nine o'clock Beatrice knew that her grandfather was dead. All the memory of his cruelty—she had seen Miss Steet's epistle, for Eric had not been able to conceal it from her, and she had believed it was dictated by Mr. Burton—was swept away.

Eric, however, was still smarting sorely under the cruel letter of the previous day, and even the news of the old man's sudden death could not remove the sting of his harsh refusal to do anything to assist Beatrice and himself in their extremity.

"What is the use of going?" the young man argued to himself. "Even if we had the money I could not bear to go into the house of a man who could turn from his own flesh and blood in her hour of affliction. Besides, I can't even muster up the railway fare—not to speak of mourning. It would not be much respect to his memory for Beatrice to go to his funeral in a pink muslin gown!"—and he gave a faint smile. "I'll write—it will do as well. There is no use in hiding the truth from Hardcastle. I'll tell him plainly why we can't come!"

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"Is this your doing, Miss Steet?" shouted Gregory Hardcastle, rushing into the dining-room of the cottage, where Harriet and Mr. Robinson were sitting at breakfast on the morning after Mr. Burton's death.

The attorney, not a particularly strong man, had decided to remain until after his late client's funeral, and so save the long railway journey to the city and back.

"Is this your doing, I ask?" reiterated Gregory, waving a letter indignantly.

"Calm yourself, my dear sir—pray calm yourself!" said peaceable Mr. Robinson.

"What do you mean, Doctor Hardcastle?" she gasped.

"I mean that it's a confounded shame!" the medical man exclaimed indignantly. "Listen to this, if you please, Mr. Robinson"; and, sitting down, he read Eric's letter, which was short, but very pathetic. It told Gregory that they had no money—not even sufficient for the railway journey, and much less for procuring respectable mourning with which to appear at the funeral. "Above all," wrote Eric, "I can't think that the old gentleman would have wished us to attend his funeral"; and he inclosed the letter, written by Miss Steet, apparently at Mr. Burton's dictation.

"It's a confounded shame!" repeated Gregory Hardcastle. "Mr. Burton has been kept in ignorance of these facts. I am convinced that he never knew they were in these straits; and I am certain he never dictated that letter!"—and he glared defiantly at Miss Steet.

Mr. Robinson was equally certain in his own mind, and he had, perhaps, better reasons than Gregory Hardcastle for his opinion, but he merely remarked:

"Mr. Kenlis must come here at once."

"But the poor fellow hasn't a penny!" cried the Doctor.

"We can soon remedy that," remarked Mr. Robinson quietly, and smiling placidly. "Would you mind riding into Bridgend with another telegram, Doctor Hardcastle?"

"To Eric?" queried Gregory sharply.

"No," replied Mr. Robinson mysteriously; and rising he went to the writing-table and proceeded to write out a telegram.

It was partly in cipher, and was not directed to Eric, but to a certain Mr. Warburton who resided in Birmingham.

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Shortly after eleven o'clock the same morning a very unusual thing happened in Doctor Kenlis' house—one that had not occurred since Eric had taken possession of it—a very loud and imperious ring being heard at the front door.

Eric went to the door.

"Doctor Kenlis?" queried a young man.

"That is my name," answered Eric.

"May I step inside?"

The Doctor showed the stranger in.

"I come from Messrs. Warburton," explained the young man.

But Eric was quite in the dark as to who the Messrs. Warburton might be.

The visitor, however, was quick of action.

"I have been directed, sir, to give this into your hands at once—I may rely upon it that you are Doctor Kenlis?" he asked, looking sharply at Eric.

"Yes," replied the Doctor rather haughtily.

"Pray excuse me, but when one is intrusted with a considerable sum of money one has to be careful."

Eric started. "A considerable sum of money!" His surprise and conjectures were, however, cut short, as the stranger put a packet into his hand and laid a letter upon the table.

"I'll wish you good-morning, Doctor Kenlis," he said. "I'm rather late, and

the office is chock-full of work;" and with a bow he hastily withdrew.

It was the turning of the tide.

The inclosure consisted of fresh, rustling banknotes, amounting in the aggregate to fifteen hundred dollars. The letter was very brief. It was duly dated with day, month and year, was stamped with the address of Warburton and Warburton, lawyers, and stated that at the request of Mr. Robinson—who had acted on behalf of the late Mr. Burton—they remitted the money for current personal expenses, and requested that he would, with all possible dispatch, repair to the late Mr. Burton's residence, as it was advisable that he—Doctor Kenlis—should be present at the opening of the will.

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CHAPTER X

IT WAS the afternoon of old Mr. Burton's funeral, and in the dining-room of the cottage a party of six people was assembled—Mr. Robinson and his clerk, Mr. Jackson—flurried by rapid traveling—Doctor Gregory Hardcastle, Miss Harriet Steet, and Doctor and Mrs. Kenlis.

Beatrice looked pale and sad, but the excitement and the removal of absolute want, which had been effected through the agency of Messrs. Warburton, had caused her to revive wonderfully.

"We are assembled to read the last will and testament of the late Mr. Robert Burton," said Mr. Robinson. "It is extremely short, and I have not called upon any others of his family to be present, as only those gathered here have any interest in the will—either as participators or signatories."

Harriet looked with unspeakable venom at Eric and Beatrice as Mr. Robinson proceeded to read the will.

"I bequeath everything of which I die possessed—in money, property in land, and so forth—to my granddaughter's husband, Eric Kenlis; and I do so because he has proved himself by the letter he wrote to me when asking for Beatrice in marriage, to be possessed of great cleverness. I can safely intrust my fortune to him, knowing that he will take good care of it, as well as of my granddaughter, Beatrice, his wife. I leave my granddaughter, Harriet Steet, also to his care. I do not leave her money. It lays a woman open to the devices of money-hunters if it is known that she has an independent fortune; but I intrust her to Eric Kenlis to provide for."

The company round the table were each differently affected, Eric being dumb with amazement, Beatrice with joy and relief.

"Oh, poor grandpapa—poor, dear grandpapa!" she exclaimed, so soon as she could speak. Then, regardless of all present, she threw her arms round her husband's neck, saying, "Then he did love you, Eric! And that cruel letter must have been all a mistake!"

Mr. Robinson rose, smiling, and wiping his spectacles, Gregory Hardcastle was almost frantic with delight, and clapped Eric on the back, crying:

"I congratulate you, my boy!"

And Harriet—well, she acted quite unlike every one else, for she went into hysterics.

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"Look here, my boy," said Doctor Hardcastle that evening, "it's only right to tell you you've had a very narrow escape." Then Gregory told him how Harriet had tried to prevent him from sending the telegram to Mr. Robinson.

"She was up to some artful trick," added Doctor Hardcastle. "That woman is a regular fiend; I'm certain she had framed some plan for getting the old man to make her his sole heiress. Only that the telegram went in the nick of time the will would not have been made, or in Mr. Burton's dying moments she might have got him to sign some paper leaving her everything. Anyway she'd have tried—you can tell that by the note she wrote in his name! He'd never have written like that, feeling so favorably disposed toward you as the will proves he did. What was this wonderfully clever letter you sent?" asked Gregory.

"I'm amazed at that," replied Eric. "I wrote only a true statement of my affairs—told him that I had bought a practice without seeing it, and that I had only a few hundred dollars in bank. Where was my cleverness?"

"My boy, I have it!" cried Gregory exultingly. "Satan has cut himself with his own tools this time, and no mistake!"

"What are you driving at?"

"Why, she evidently read him a lot of lies instead of your letter! She pretended that you had made a big hit or something of the kind. I suppose she had an idea of getting the old man to herself, and so ousting your wife. Well, she has her deserts, but no one can pity her!"

Gregory Hardcastle had guessed the truth.

The wretched Harriet returned to her home, and sulkily accepted the twenty-five hundred dollars a year that Eric allowed her. Eventually, a mild-looking little minister, to whom that sum was comparative wealth, married her.

Eric bought Doctor Bailey's practice and presented it to Gregory, together with a very fine house, and a carriage and pair; and the friends live quite close to each other. Doctor Hardcastle keeps an assistant, but always attends personally to Beatrice's children. He remained a bachelor.

[THE END]

Paying the Price of Confession

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH

By J. S. Fletcher

LEANING his chin on his hands, folded together over the blade of the hoe with which he had singled one turnip-plant from another since seven o'clock that morning, Dick Garth stood in the centre of the field, a motionless figure. It was near noon, and the sun was burning fiercely in a sky destitute of clouds.

He had gone up one row and down another with monotonous regularity for over four hours, and had paused more than once to rest upon his hoe, and stare vacantly at something immediately before him. After each of such reveries he had fallen to work again with renewed vigor, and now, as he slowly lifted his head and reversed the hoe in his hand, he made as if to lop away the next bunch of superfluous plants with its bright blade. But ere the sharp edge touched the tender stems it was arrested. Dick looked across the field, attracted by the dismal note of a crow that had perched for a moment above the hedgerow. It swayed uncertainly over the topmost twigs of a tree, which the lightning had blasted into barrenness in a previous summer, a dusky speck against the steely blue of the sky, and beneath it the ghostly white of the boughs and silvery gray of the trunk, down the centre of which ran one long streak of black.

Dick suddenly flung down the hoe. He faced toward the withered tree. "I can't work, it's no good," he said, and walked toward the hedgerow. The hoe lay where he had thrown it. He plunged his hands deep into his pockets, and hung his head. His feet, cased in their heavy boots, left deep impress in the light soil, a yard of brown earth and green leaf separating each print. But at the foot of the withered tree he stopped. The crow uttered a final note of sepulchral protest, and flew slowly across the field. Dick watched it out of sight ere he sat down beneath the tree to rest his head on his hands and fall to his thoughts again.

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All that morning, and all the day before, and for many days before that, there had been but one thought in Dick's mind. It was not so much a thought as an image—the image of a man sitting in the condemned cell at Cornchester Jail, counting the hours as they went by, reckoning up every minute that remained ere the door should open to admit the hangman. Dick's imagination was slow, dull, not easily stirred; but the thought of Stephen Meadows, in that awful cell, woke it to acute perception. He put himself in Stephen's place, as he sat there under the tree. There were so many hours to live. Multiply the hours by sixty, and there were so many minutes. Multiply the minutes by sixty—there were so many seconds. But a second is a long time, and a minute—why, in two minutes and fifty seconds you can decide a horse race! And yet how fast every second seemed to go!—the first crowded on the second, and the second on the third, and the third on the fourth, and now the fifty-ninth was lost in the sixtieth, and there was a whole minute gone. And the minutes went quickly, too, and after them the hours—but there was an awful slowness about their progress for all that, because there was something terrible that was coming.

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The sweat stood in great beads on Dick's forehead as he lifted his face and looked about him. From the next field the crow called to him with dismal iteration. He shuddered as though a spirit had laid a spectral hand upon him, and again his mind set to work. He saw the hangman busy with his victim, the little procession making its way to the scaffold to the dull clangor of the prison bell; he saw the central figure——

"I shall go mad!" said Dick, and rose to his feet. He turned toward the gate, leaving the hoe where it had fallen from his hands. Near the gate he saw his coat hanging on the hedge, where he had put it when the sun grew hot. He stared at it, and passed on unheeding. Down the narrow lane to the village he walked, his heavy tread leaving little puffs of dust in the sandy soil between the deep ruts. His hands were still deep in his pockets, and his chin rested on his breast. Now and then he muttered unintelligible words, and now and then he looked from left to right, always with the air of a man who sees nothing. But he went forward steadily, until at last, where the lane turned into the village street, he came to a little cottage. He stood before the door irresolute, wavering for a time, but at last he mounted the freshly scoured steps and knocked timidly.

A girl's face looked out at him through a few inches of open doorway. Then her hand set the door wide open, and she beckoned him to enter, with a slight movement of her head. Dick followed her inside, and looked round him. There was a stick-fire crackling on the hearth, and over its cheerful blaze hung a great black pot, from the open top of which came a savory smell. Near the fire sat an old woman, heavily shawled and wrapped, whose head nodded rhythmically. She looked round at Dick and smiled vacantly ere she turned again to the fire.

"Now, Lucy," said Dick.

He kept his eyes on the fire, and did not raise them to the girl's face. But something told him that her eyes were red with weeping, and that her white cheeks bore witness to an exceeding sorrow. He moved his feet nervously, and his fingers plucked at the buttons on his waistcoat, but his eyes never shifted from the fire and the pot.

"Now, Dick," said the girl.

"Is there—have you heard—will aught be done?" he said.

"No," she answered. "It's all over—we've had word this morning from the lawyer—it's all been of no use, Dick."

"They'll hang him high upon the gallows-tree!" piped the old woman.

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"Hush, mother!" said the girl fiercely.

The old woman began to whimper. The girl crossed over and touched her hand. She looked at Dick, and nodded toward the door. Dick went outside and waited. In a moment Lucy came to him, and they stood in the middle of the narrow lane. Dick looked at her for a second and met her eyes. He turned away and stared at the ground.

"Dick," she said presently, "he'll die innocent. It was never in Stephen to kill anybody—I'll stake my soul on his innocence. Oh, to think that he'll die—and like that!—to-morrow morning! Dick—Dick—it'll kill me!"

Dick's voice seemed far away to him when he spoke. "You love him true, Lucy?"

"I love him with all my heart," she answered firmly. "And he knows it now. I wrote it to him, Dick—I thought there might be some comfort—oh, my poor lad, my poor lad!—what shall I do, Dick?"

With an effort that seemed to drive the life out of him Dick turned to her.

"Lucy," he said.

She lifted her eyes to his. "Dick!" she said. The white face that she looked at made her afraid. "Dick!" she said again, "Dick! What is it?"

The tongue in his mouth seemed suddenly turned into dry, cracking leather. He tried to move his lips—his teeth met and clicked. But with her eyes on him he made an effort and spoke.

"Lucy! it was me! it was me—not him—that did it! I couldn't rest—till—till——"

She stood staring at him a full minute before she stepped forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You? It was you?" She drew back again—a sudden change came over her face; it grew cold, hard, pitiless, as she looked at the man cringing before her. She lifted her hands to her forehead, and seemed to smoothe something away from her temples. "I don't understand," she said brokenly. "I—I've thought a deal of late, and I'm not quite clear about——"

As she stood staring at him, the cold look in her eyes suddenly changed to one of acute perception. She sprang forward again, and gripped his arm with fingers that seemed to arrest him as with the implacable justice of the law. "I know!" she cried. "You mean that it was you—you, and not Stephen—not Stephen! Speak, speak, man—isn't that what you mean?"

He half-turned to gaze at her face, but shrank away from the fierce regard of her eyes. "Yes," he said. "It is what I mean."

"How was it?" she said. Her breath came and went in quick gasps, her fingers still kept their strict hold of Dick's arm.

"It was an accident," said Dick. "I swear to God it was. I'd no enmity against him. But when they fastened it on to Stephen I said naught—because I thought—I thought they'd put him out of the way, and I should have a chance with thee, lass! It was all for love of thee, Lucy!"

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The girl's hand unclasped itself from Dick's arm. She hastened within the cottage, and came back tying the strings of her sun-bonnet with fingers that trembled.

"Come," she said, motioning to Dick. He looked at her wonderingly.

"Where?" he said.

"To Cornchester," she answered.

"To Cornchester?"

He echoed the words in a dull, meaningless fashion. But suddenly their import burst upon him, and his face turned deathly pale, and the sweat flushed thick upon his forehead. He put out his hands, as if to keep some awful thing away. But on the instant the girl was at his side, and had seized both his hands in hers.

"Dick! Dick! For the dear Lord's sake, Dick, be strong! Oh, Dick, don't have two murders on your soul—come with me and right him. Dick—if you love me—if you love me, give me back the man I love!"

She had drawn close to him as she pleaded, and suddenly she lifted her face to his and kissed him. At the touch of her lips Dick drew himself up—the tide of irresolute manhood came back to him strong and vigorous. He looked at her for a moment, and then held out his hand. "Come, Lucy," he said.

Hand in hand they went silently along the sunlit road. It was noon, and there was scarce a figure to be seen in the wide expanse of level land on either side of the way. But at a turn of the highway there came in sight the red-roofed town, and high above it the round tower of the jail, that seemed to frown menace upon the green earth that came up to its very foundations. With a quick consent their eyes turned to it at the same time. There was a sudden tremor in Dick's hand, but in a moment it was steady again. They went on—two lonely figures against the close-cropped hedgerows.

In the turnip-field lay Dick's hoe, its blade resting against the last plants that it had struck out. The sun that glittered upon its polished surface had withered the plants into premature death.—From God's Failures.

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The Imaginary Marbles

A SHORT time ago, while attending an exhibition given by a noted professor of hypnotism, I observed a peculiar mental phenomenon. The professor had a number of "subjects" on the platform, all of whom he had selected from the audience.

Among the number was an old gentleman about sixty years of age. With a wave of the hand and a word or two the professor made him believe he was a boy again. There was no question in my mind at all but what the old man believed it, for his looks and actions showed that he felt himself to be but ten years old. Calling several boys around him, including the old gentleman, the professor asked them all if they would like to play a game of marbles. All consented gleefully, the old man with the rest; and to start the game the professor handed them a lot of imaginary marbles, by merely tipping his hand into each of theirs, each receiving the marbles as genuine. The game proceeded. The boys, however, could not see youth in the old man, while he felt as much a boy as any of them, and could not understand why they laughed and made fun of him. The ground for the game was marked out, the ring made and the imaginary marbles placed.

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The old gentleman entered into the spirit of the game with as much zeal and expressed as much knowledge of the rules as did any of the boys, yet I presume he had not seen a game of marbles played for fifty years at least. Lots were now drawn to see who should have the first play, and it fell to the old man, much to the seeming disappointment of the boys. The old fellow took his place, however, and toed the mark for the first play, and went through all the motions of rolling his imaginary marble at the ring, which was visible only to the hypnotized players. All followed after the marble to see the result of the old man's shot. None were hit, however, and after noting the spot where his marble stopped the old fellow followed the other boys to the starting point.

Meanwhile, one boy, who seemed less moral than the rest, slipped down slyly and stole the old man's imaginary marble while his attention was being called to some other part of the game, and pocketed it. All went well in the game now until the old man's turn came again to shoot his marble at the ring. He started for the spot where he had left the imaginary ball, and, strange to say, instantly missed it. He seemed confused for a moment, but soon collected himself, and then accused the boys of stealing his marble. They all seemed to sympathize with him over his loss, except the thief, who was quickly pounced upon by all and made to give up what he had stolen. Then the game proceeded until broken up. Now, what peculiar action of the mind was it that made that old man miss an imaginary marble, when he did not know some other fellow had been through the motions of trying to steal it?

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One of Gladstone's Long Sentences

THE following is the opening sentence of a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone at Birmingham: "Sir Charles Forster and Gentlemen: It is a great thing and a great praise to any constituency that it is able to maintain that standard of judgment and approbation and attachment which Walsall has maintained for so long a period while represented by Sir Charles Forster, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for what he has most truly called an unswerving support, but I may say a support that did not derive its entire value even from its singularly decided character in reference to the principles of liberalism, but likewise from the entire character and action of the man who has been successful in making liberal principles honored by the whole House in association with active parliamentary service rendered to the House of Commons as such, without respect to party, while at the same time he has been one no doubt, as he has said himself, of the most intelligent upholders of the principles of party as being a necessary, though a secondary, instrument for promoting the benefit of the work and the Empire."

Marie Corelli as I Know Her

THE MOST POPULAR ENGLISH NOVELIST OF THE DAY

By Rev. H. R. Haweis

AT THIS moment were the question put, "Who is the most popular living novelist in England?" there could be but one answer: "Marie Corelli." Brilliant as was Mrs. Humphry Ward's Robert Elsmere, her subsequent books, though exhibiting the same high qualities without some of the defects of her big controversial success, have not caught the general public in an equal, let alone an increasing, degree. But Marie Corelli goes "up and up."

Two such *coups* as Barabbas and The Sorrows of Satan, followed at short intervals by The Mighty Atom and Cameos, are triumphs unprecedented since the days of Dickens, or at least George Eliot. There is certainly no country in the world which can boast of so many high-class women novelists as England, and among them all I do not know any living writer who possesses such brilliant qualities combined with such noble and hearty enthusiasms as Marie Corelli.

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Many people can write one good book; but, as the historian, J. R. Green, used to say, the difficulty is to go on. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and a few others, have been triumphant writers from this point of view, but of how many are we forced to admit that after one spurt of originality the spring gave out, and all the subsequent artesian borings into the mind yielded but a poor and difficult return. Marie Corelli evidently means to go on, and there is even some danger that her fascinating and often audacious brilliancy may, for a time at least, blind the public to the legitimate claims of many of her less fortunate but highly gifted rivals.

Marie Corelli is of Italian extraction, and the name which some people suppose to be a *nom de plume* is her only rightful and legal appellation. She was adopted in early infancy by the late well-known author, Dr. Charles Mackay, and became a member of his family, though she is in no way connected with it by any tie of blood relationship, and she was educated almost entirely in England, with the exception of two or three years passed in a French convent. She received a very excellent training in the classics, and in French, Italian and English literature, but her chief studies were directed toward music.

Circumstances occurring to herself presently led her to write her first book, A Romance of Two Worlds. It was published ten years ago, when she was little more than a girl, and was still engaged in the various studies which are judged requisite for the "finish" of a woman's education. Only four short press criticisms appeared on the book, and they were all unfavorable. But it created so much public interest that it decided her to abandon the musical career for literature. Since that time her success has gone on steadily increasing, and she herself considers this merely the result of her own passionate love for the profession of literature. "If I could not earn a penny by it I should still write, and still love writing," she says. "The true end of literature is the attainment of power, not the piling up of cash." She has lived in the house where she now resides, in Longridge Road, Kensington, ever since the publication of her Romance. All her books have been written there.

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Marie Corelli is a very systematic worker, and writes steadily from ten to two every day. She is, however, no recluse, and goes into a great deal of society (which bores her) merely out of a sincere and conscientious desire to study from life, and not be accused of writing about what she does not understand.

She has many warm friends among what Mr. Toole calls the "hupper surkles," but expresses the most scathing contempt for the inane and frivolous artificiality of the "smart world." Its corruption, insincerity and heartlessness have been exposed, as with the scalpel of a pitiless vivisectionist, in The Sorrows of Satan.

When it became known a few years ago that the Queen was a reader of her books it was generally said that this would naturally give her an ephemeral popularity; but the solid foundation of genius, which was the cause of her Majesty's appreciation, has won its own way with the masses, and her popularity has extended not only to the Colonies, but to many foreign countries. Marie Corelli's books are to be read in at least ten different languages, and a city in Colorado has already been named after her by her admirers—"Corelli City."

One of the most remarkable effects of her famous book, The Sorrows of Satan, was the sudden hold it took of the pulpit. Many of the clergy used it as their text, and on one and the same Sunday several sermons were preached upon it in London to overflowing congregations. The Mighty Atom, which is really a plea for something like a sanely religious education for children, faces one of the most burning questions of the day. Nothing that can be said against novels with a purpose can hinder the fact that some of the greatest novels of the age have been written with a purpose—Adam Bede, Uncle Tom's Cabin, It's Never Too Late to Mend, among them. It is easy for people who write novels without a purpose—perhaps without a circulation—to cavil at those who use the most powerful and popular literary form of the day—the novel—to arrest attention and force the consideration of great questions upon the general public, but I fail to see what nobler use could be made of literary talent. That Marie Corelli has always used her great gifts for the purification of society, the branding of vice, and the exaltation of what is noble and good, will be her chief claim to be remembered with gratitude in ages to come, as her brilliant imagination and truthful delineation of character constitute her claim to be so widely read and admired by her contemporaries. Marie Corelli is not in appearance nor in manner what some people might expect to find; but when found, to my mind she immediately fits her books, and we can see that no other sort of person would, or could, be the authoress of them.

She is of medium height, and rather what the French call petite and spirituelle, but when one converses with her the quick sensibility, the decisive tone, the natural passion, the unconventional idea, proclaim the woman of genius. While she steadily disclaims her identity with Mavis Clare (Dare stood in the original MS., and was only altered into Clare because some one pointed out that Dare was already appropriated) we may be excused for saying that the ideal sketch in Mavis Clare (The Sorrows of Satan) would have been no unworthy presentation of the fair writer herself; although we are bound to accept her own disclaimer, and attribute Mavis Clare to the unconscious working out of a personal ideal and not any conscious design to portray herself.

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Marie Corelli is personally retiring and averse to fuss and notoriety, but she has no false affectation of ignoring her literary importance, although she is, perhaps, oversensitive to the opinions and criticisms of others. In consequence of her intensely impressionable and imaginative temperament she takes an honest pride in owing nothing to any one as regards her success in her literary career.

Alone she has fought and conquered. To the people, not the cliques, she has appealed, and the response has been decisive and rapid beyond precedent. No photograph has ever been taken and no picture has yet been painted of the gifted authoress, but, although she refuses to be photographed, she has supplied me with the next best thing—a characteristic piece of her handwriting, which is taken from the original MS. of The Mighty Atom, and which I have now before me.

As a great deal has been said about Marie Corelli and the Royal Family I ventured to ask her for some reliable information, having often heard her complain of vulgar remarks, such as that she was "patronized" by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, etc. The story appears to be simply this: The late Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, calling on Miss Corelli one day, asked her if the Queen had ever read A Romance of Two Worlds. Miss Corelli replied, "Certainly not, so far as I know." The Duchess accordingly took a copy to the Queen, with the result that Her Majesty telegraphed from Balmoral to have "all Marie Corelli's books sent to her." A complete set was accordingly forwarded, specially bound; and the Queen graciously acknowledged the gift by two lines of appreciative thanks written by one of her waiting-women.

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Miss Corelli has had the further good fortune to please the charming Queen Marguerite, of Italy. Her Majesty sent for an "autograph copy" of A Romance of Two Worlds. She responded to the author's gift by sending her portrait and autograph, besides writing a charming letter in her own hand. As to the Prince of Wales, these are the exact and unvarnished facts: Miss Corelli was invited to meet him at a dinner given by Sir Charles Hall four years ago at Homburg, and she was not aware till then that His Royal Highness took any interest in her works at all.

Politically, her sentiments are entirely republican, and her sympathies are all enlisted on the side of the people versus thrones. She abhors toadyism, sycophancy, and panderings to those in power; and it is a great source of vexation to her to find her sentiments upon such matters totally misunderstood in many quarters. So far from flattering the Prince of Wales in her book, The Sorrows of Satan, as she has been accused of doing, she has said many things—expressing herself freely and without ambiguity—which are quite the reverse of flattering to His Royal Highness. It is, as I have said, a complete error to think she drew her own portrait as Mavis Clare. The original of Mavis Clare was an artist friend who died some years ago. Mr. Stead is responsible for starting the idea of Mavis Clare being a flattering picture of the author herself, and he has since then apologized in a frank and generous letter to Miss Corelli "for that and every other injustice I may have done you."

Since the publication of The Mighty Atom many strangers have visited the scene where the story is laid—Combmartin, North Devon. Some of these have written urging her to send an autograph copy of the book to the sexton, James Norman, from whose outward personal appearance she drew the now-admired character of Reuben Dale. So she sent the book, with a personal dedication and a letter. It is said that the sexton at Combmartin gets any number of tips from strangers interested in this new literary shrine because he is understood to be "one of Marie Corelli's characters."

Marie Corelli is a true and most practical friend of the people. It is not generally known that she is in correspondence with a large number of working-men's clubs and trades' unions and that her influence is very great among them. She is also "in touch" with various "societies" in America and the Colonies. Papers written by her privately for these societies, of a political and religious nature, are frequently made the subject of very earnest and thoughtful discussion.

Marie Corelli is neither shy nor slow at expressing her likes and dislikes. Her favorite books are—first, the Bible; second, Shakespeare; third, Plato; fourth, Montaigne's Essays. Afterward, Walter Scott's novels, Charles Dickens, and the poets, such as Byron, Shelley and Keats. Her favorite musicians are Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and Bizet. Her favorite singers: men—Masini, Tamagno and Plançon; women——"None!" she exclaimed; "don't like any of them!" Her favorite artists are Luke Fildes and Alma Tadema. Her favorite place, London! The scenery she likes best is at Chamounix and in the Scottish Highlands; and her favorite recreation is music.—The Temple Magazine.

Disadvantages of a Reputation

PENALTY OF LIVING UP TO A GREAT NAME

By Rev. L. Philetus Dobbs

SOLOMON speaks of the excellence of a good name; but with all suitable respect for that much-married monarch and sage (the Dobbs of his day), I may observe that "They didn't know everything down in Judee." There are very decided disadvantages in a good reputation.

Let us suppose that you have done something which a perhaps misguided world considers bright, clever and eloquent. Your friends even go so far as to credit you with genius. You make another speech, or write another poem, which you think quite up to the high-water mark, but the world is not satisfied. It demands that everything shall be in advance of all that has gone before. If the clock struck twelve last time it should proceed to strike thirteen, fourteen, and so on. Each new production is weighed by the perhaps fictitious standard, and is found wanting; and you cry out, "Alas, that I ever gained a reputation!" Mr. Stockton's familiar narrative of His Wife's Deceased Sister illustrates this calamitous liability. Hardly anything is more distressing than a reputation for generosity combined with wealth. Your door is besieged; the postman groans under your mail. You seek repose by a brief absence from home, in a refuge which you do not reveal to your dearest friend. Alas, it is only a respite! On your return, the applicants are standing at your door ten deep, and the postman's back is broken. The fortune of a religious editor would not suffice for all these calls; you envy your neighbor who, by persevering efforts, has gained the reputation of a hard-hearted curmudgeon, a skinner of flints.

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Perhaps no reputation is more to be dreaded and deprecated than a reputation for humor. It is so hard to make people take you seriously. If you make the most tragic announcement they think that there is a joke somewhere implied; they begin to smile; you cannot persuade them that you are in earnest. If they invite you to a dinner it is with the expectation that you will set the table in a roar; if you delay to do so they query, "Is it not about time for you to begin to be funny?" And then the unutterable agony of having your little strokes of humor quoted with the point broken clean off, and the whole reduced to a flatness and dryness surpassing Sahara! Dr. Thompson, the wit of Oxford, said of one of the tutors, "All the time that he can save from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties," but a recent writer quotes him: "All the time that he can save by the neglect of his duties he devotes to the adornment of his person"! Could tameness and flatness go further? I once knew a speaker, at a New England dinner, who said:

"I had thought of referring to Plymouth Rock; but something that I saw in one of your papers leads me to think that Plymouth Rock is getting weary. The announcement was 'Plymouth Rock pants.'"

Some time thereafter he met on the public highway a human being, walking at large, who began to laugh when at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and who managed between his paroxysms of merriment to ejaculate, "Oh, that was so funny that you said about Plymouth Rock wearing pants!" And he went through agonies of laughter the injured orator hoped would prove fatal.

We will suppose that you have gained a reputation for integrity. As the result you are subjected to temptations which flesh and blood cannot withstand, and you fall a victim to your own alleged goodness. When we read in the paper that Deacon A——, a man of hitherto unspotted rectitude, has collapsed, or that the trusted official of an insurance company has left to the stockholders the building and the safe, we may well cry out, "Alas, for the calamity of a good reputation!" When a man is above reproach we feel that it is a gratuitous offense to examine his accounts. It has sometimes seemed that the only safety for our fiduciary institutions lies in putting them in the charge of convicted felons, men who have no reputation (or less than none), who would not expect to be trusted, whose feelings could not be injured by an investigation, however inquisitive.

Once upon a time a bank was managed by men of gilt-edged reputation; the annual examination seemed a waste of time, and even an imputation upon the drifted-snow-like whiteness of the officials. The President would say: "In this bag is $100,000 in gold; in this envelope are $200,000 in Government coupon bonds; in this buff envelope is a quarter of a million dollars in State securities," and so on. It would be a waste of stationery to open the sealed envelopes, and a waste of twine to cut the string of the bag; but one day when the bank closed its doors a real examination was made; it appeared that the bag contained nickels and coppers, and the envelopes the best of paper.

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A city, lying on a large river, had, half a century ago, acquired a high reputation for the excellence and purity of its water supply. All the geographies spoke with admiration of the Schuylkill Waterworks. In time, manufacturing cities grew up all along the line of the Schuylkill, which was a convenient and natural receptacle for their sewage. Typhoid became an established institution. Fish, accustomed to a purer element, declined to live in an aquarium filled from the Schuylkill. But any one who ventured upon criticism, or suggested improvement, was silenced by a reference to the reputation of the city and by the authority of the geographies. Over the resting-place of the typhoid victims might be inscribed, "Died of the good name of the city of Penn."

Early in this century, in one of the States lying south of the Saint Lawrence and west of the Atlantic, a most respectable gentleman opened a girls' school. Good schools were rare. He speedily gained a name. Unfortunately he allowed himself to live on it.

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He saw no need for progress. New methods came up; he ignored them. New men arose, wide-awake men, who had their fortune and their reputation to make, who felt a divine discontent with all that had been achieved. Meanwhile, he, wrapped in his good reputation as in a mantle, smiled serene upon their eager enthusiasm, and seemed to say, "This unrest is all very well for you unknown experimenters; but for me—is it not well known that my school is the best in the State, and no doubt in the country, and probably in the world? I would not arrogate to myself too much. What may lie beyond Orion and the Pleiades I do not affirm; I only observe with the modesty of true worth that, if you want to see the perfect teacher and the ideal school, I recommend you to call upon me between the hours of nine and two, on any secular day, Saturdays, vacations and public holidays excepted."

This excellent man had no need to offer the prayer of the Scotchman, "O Lord, be pleased to gie me a gude conceit of myself"; he was born to the heritage. And so his stage-coach continued to make its decorous six miles an hour, while the lightning express and the Flying Yankee gazed at him from their rear windows as they left him at the rate of forty-five miles. Alas, he was the victim of success, his early and easily gained reputation was his ruin!—The Independent.

There Shall Be No More Sea

AY, ARTISTS come to paint it, and writers, to put it in a book;
How grand in storm, and fair in calm, the Old North Sea can look.

I've wondered to hear them talking, how to mimic in music or song:
The voice that thrills the brooding air with its thunder low and long;

Since never aught but itself, I wot, could sound like its angry roar,
When its breakers rise to the east wind's call, to crash on the rocky shore.

But rough or smooth, in shade or shine, the face of the mighty main
Can speak of little else to me, but memory, fear, or pain.

Father and husband, and bold, bright boy, it has taken them one by one;
I shall lie alone in the churchyard there, when my weary days are done.

God never sent me a maiden bairn to stay by me to the last,
So I sit by the restless tides alone, by the grave of all my past.

By the waves so strong and pitiless that have drowned life's joys for me,
And think of the "land where all shall meet, the land where is no more sea."

Yet I cannot rest in meadow or fell, or the quiet inland lanes,
Where the great trees spread their rustling arms over the smiling plains.

I can't draw breath in the country, all shadowed and green and dumb;
The want of the sea is at my heart, I hear it calling, "Come."

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I hearken, and rise and follow; perhaps my men down there,
Where the bright shells gleam, and the fishes dart, 'mid sea-weeds' tangles fair,

Will find me best, if still on earth when the Angel's trump is blown,
On the sand reach, or the tall cliff side, ere we pass to the Great White Throne.

So summer and winter, all alone, by the breakers' lip I wait,
Till I see the red light flush the clouds, as He opens the golden gate.

And though at the sound of the rising waves I ofttimes tremble and weep,
When the air is void of their glorious voice, I can neither rest nor sleep!

And the strangest of all the promises writ in the Book to me,
Is how, on the shores of Paradise, "there shall be no more sea."

—All the Year Round.

Whom Does Woman Love Best?

A PRACTICAL TEST AT SEA

By Grant Allen

THEY sat idly on the deck of an Atlantic liner. The moon was rising. It was an evening in June, and they were nearing "the Banks." Even there in mid-ocean the setting summer sun had so warmed the air that they could lounge at their ease in long, wicker deck-chairs and discuss a knotty point in the moral philosophy of the domestic relations.

"For my part," Mamie Whitmore remarked, drawing her little woolen wrap somewhat closer round her ears, "I say a woman's first duty is to her husband."

"And for my part," Arthur answered, leaning across toward his wife, "I say a woman's first duty is to her children."

"How do you make that out, Whitmore?" the Major inquired lazily. The Major had a pretty knack of his own in casuistry.

"Why, it runs through all Nature," Arthur Whitmore replied. "It belongs to the very essence of the feelings engendered in us by natural selection. The male fights always for the female and the young; the female fights for the young only, or turns and runs to protect them, leaving the male to defend himself."

"I remember," the Major mused, "I was out tiger-hunting once in a nullah in India, and I came across a tiger, with the tigress and cubs, lying hid in the jungle. I fired at the brute, and he leaped straight up at me, but the tigress and the cubs slunk away through the long, tall reeds of the cane-brake. Well, I killed that tiger, and went after the tigress; but when I got her at bay she fought like a fiend for her cubs, I can tell you. So there's your case, Whitmore."

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"Yes; it must always be so," Arthur Whitmore continued. "The male, as the more active and strong of the two, must fight for the female and the young together; the female, as the weaker, yet the protector of the young, must leave the male to look after himself, and, at all risks to him, must take care of the little ones."

"That's all very well for the beasts," Mamie answered petulantly; "but we are not beasts, and I say, with us, a woman's first duty is always to her husband. Fold up my chair before you come below, Arthur; I'll run down and see how Charlie and the baby are getting on in the stateroom."

"It opens up an interesting moral question," said the Chaplain, as Mamie disappeared with a nod down the companion-ladder. "It seems to me you make things rather rough for the husband, don't you?"

"Well—no," Arthur answered. "I look at it like this: Parents bestow much love on their children, and the love they receive in return very rarely requites them. It is repaid by the children to the next generation, as the father and mother themselves repay the debt they incurred to their own parents. It's the same with the father. The love he lavishes on the woman of his choice is repaid by her in part to himself, in part as care on her side for the children, who are, after all, his children. I don't see how a race could well be kept up otherwise. The man must love, first, his wife, then his children; the woman must love her children best of all, and repay the surplus of her love to her husband, the father of her children."

"Let's have a cigar," the Major said, with a yawn. "We're growing quite sentimental over this discussion of ours."

They smoked and went below. In half an hour all was still, save on the bridge, where the officer of the watch paced up and down, and peered before him in the dark, for fog was forming.

The passengers had all gone to their staterooms; the silence was oppressive and ominous, as if some subtle spirit presence came with a warning. Perhaps it was but the dominance of vague fear, in the face of the thick, dark veil that blotted out sky, and sea, and ship, and—almost hope.

Fog on "the Banks" at night is terrible.

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About two in the morning, every soul on board was awakened at once by a terrific crash that jarred horribly through the ship as she came to a sudden standstill. Her iron plates clanked; her timbers creaked and shivered. The bows were stove in. She had run into an iceberg!

In a second the electric light had gone out and all was darkness. Too terrified for screams, men, women and children groped their way through the long corridors and up the companion-ladder. On deck a few dim lights made the gloom just visible. The sea was rushing into the forward compartments; leaks had sprung in the after ones; the fires were out; tons of ice cumbered the quarter-deck; the forecastle had disappeared with the violence of the collision.

Still, all on board was order. The Captain, wounded by the falling ice, gave the word of command as clear and steady as ever. Sailors were lowering the boats; the second officer, revolver in hand, was holding at bay the half-naked stokers who had surged up from their noisome hole at the earliest alarm, and were trying to seize the first boat regardless of the women and children.

One boat was ready. Arthur Whitmore stood on the deck, holding his wife's hand tenderly. Mamie pressed the two children tightly against her bosom.

"Women and children forward!" the Captain called out in his clear, calm voice.

With a wild sob and a fierce embrace Mamie clung to her husband. "Arthur, Arthur!" she cried, trembling, "won't they let you go with us?"

"No, darling," Arthur answered, kissing wife and little ones, "this boat is for women and children only."

"Then I must go with the children," Mamie sobbed, rushing forward.

They took their seats on the thwarts, and were pushed off into the dark deep. After three days at sea in the open boat they reached Cape Race. But Arthur went down on the sinking steamer.

He was justified, after all. Instinct had solved the problem for Mamie.—Vanity.

Wonderful Illusions in Painting

HOW ART DECEIVES THE EYE

EVERY picture must, to some extent, give rise to an illusion, for otherwise it would not produce much effect on the mind of a spectator. For a moment we imagine, with a little vignette of Turner before us, that we are looking at a wide region of country and sea, hills and valleys, trees and streams, illuminated by sunshine. It hardly needs any exercise of reason, says a writer in The Architect, to be convinced that we are really gazing upon a scrap of colored paper a few inches square.

The magic of a great artist like Turner compels us to forget the actualities of space, just as an artist in literature can persuade us by means of written or printed characters that we have real men and women, not only talking, but suffering, before our eyes. We need not be ashamed when we are deceived by books or pictures like those of Scott or Turner, for our reason is subjected by the power of genius. But there is deception of another kind which is not accompanied by any satisfaction. A man with trained intellect, if he were not aware of the facts, might give credit to Defoe's narrative of Mrs. Veal's return from another world, or at least believe in its sincerity, but he would not be easily taken in by a circumstantial account of a miracle wrought by means of a patent medicine. Yet the two literary efforts are alike in character; one was intended to puff an unsalable because it was a worthless book, the other puffs drugs that, if worthless, are, generally speaking, harmless.

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If a visitor to the Brussels Gallery on a winter's day were puzzled at seeing the little ladybird in M. Alfred Stevens' charming Bête à bon Dieu—which is, as everybody knows, a portrait of a comely dame—his critical acumen would hardly be affected; but if he were frightened for a moment by the dog starting from his kennel in the Wiertz Musée in Brussels, or ogled momentarily the women looking out of the wall, or pitied the man behind the prison grating, he would be considered no more of a connoisseur than the Flemish boors who find so much enjoyment in the odd but clever collection. If Wiertz were living he would maintain that he simply performed on a grand scale the same trick which the fashionable portraitist attempted on an insignificant scale with his ladybird.

Both artists could justify their conduct, not only by Flemish precedents, but by some derived from the great periods of art. Zeuxis has gained as much renown by the story of the birds that tried to peck the grapes in his picture as by the merits of his Helen or his Family of Centaurs. If Zeuxis were competent to deceive men and birds, he could be also overcome, for he took a curtain painted by Parrhasius for a genuine piece of weaver's work. Every Academy student is bound, if he be anxious to attain membership, to put his faith in Reynolds' Discourses, in which the wisdom of the Caracci as guides is expounded. Annibal exhibited wisdom when he acknowledged his own weakness of vision. "Bassano," said the Master of the Eclectics, "performed miracles which surpassed those recorded of the Greek masters. They deceived beasts, but he deceived men, for I can testify that one day, when I was in his room, I tried to take up what appeared to be a book, and, to my astonishment, I found that my hand touched a painting."

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There was no reproof or warning expressed by Annibal Caracci; he considered rightly that a man must have extraordinary power of handling who could produce so successful an illusion. The majority of the Greco-Roman, if not the Greek, artists would agree with him. How many paintings are found in Pompeii which were evidently intended to deceive all who looked at them? Triptychs are represented with leaves at different angles; delicate architectural structures appear to stand out from the walls, and to reveal glimpses of landscapes through the columns; phantom feasts are laid as if ready for guests. Strictly speaking, Pompeian art of that class is not of much higher value than the chalk drawings on London pavements; but as shrewd cockneys take more pleasure in looking on the cuts of bacon and salmon which are produced before their eyes than on the masterpieces in the National Gallery, we must not be too hard on the masters if they admired the freaks of perspective on the walls of their villas.

It is not sufficiently understood how close is the relation between breadth in the genuine sense of the word and those sleight-of-hand effects which produce illusions. One sees a flowing white beard in a portrait by Rembrandt, and the hairs appear as if they could be counted. But when scrutinized closely the beard is found to have been produced by two or three strokes of a large pencil. The portraits by the pre-Raphaelite artists, on the other hand, which were elaborately worked out, were as little illusory as the diagramized figures of the Science and Art Department. Occasionally Mr. Holman Hunt exhibits a portrait in the old way, but, enormous as was the work expended on them, nobody could confound any of the accessories with realities, and the countenance is not suggestive of what is commonly called "a speaking likeness." Mr. Ruskin was, therefore, backing his friends when, speaking of portraiture in general—that is, of external Nature as well as of man—he said, "It is possible to represent the body without the spirit; and this shall be like to those whose senses are only cognizant of body." It is not with spirit the producers of illusions attempt to meddle.

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Most of the illusions in painting are intended to express body in a way that will reveal thickness and solidity as well as the length and breadth which logically should be the only attributes of a representation on a plane. The legendary grapes, curtains, books, flies, are all examples. When Chardin and Oudry competed in the imitation of a bas-relief, at first sight both works were considered to have equal merit, for both had to be touched in order to gain certainty that they were paintings. Oudry, who was the inferior painter, was more dexterous in producing effects, although his proportions and contours could not sustain comparison with his rival's. Now this solidity is only obtainable by skill in treating light and shade. The paintings by Wiertz in Brussels have many defects, and any one who is acquainted with masterpieces will find it difficult to give much attention to them. Yet in all of them there is powerful, if misapplied, light and shade. Not one of the figures represents a being in whom it would be possible to take any interest; but, dislike them as we may, there is no denying they are more obtrusive than the majority of painted things. A curator of the gallery is, therefore, to be pitied, for the terrible beings he sees daily must soon appear to have more vitality than himself, unless he has knowledge to discover the falsity of the painter's system, when he is sure to despise the chimeras as but the creations of a mind diseased.

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The painter is able to gain delusive effects because light and shade is so often a conventional arrangement. Light can be supposed to fall at any angle, and to have as much intensity as is desired. Chiaroscuro is, in fact, an affair of logic, a drawing of conclusions from assumptions, and as long as there is apparent consistency throughout in its treatment a picture becomes satisfactory in that respect. If some parts of a picture were in accordance with the illumination of Morocco and others were derived from what is commonly seen in London, the incongruity would be as striking to ordinary intelligence as the combining of a lion's head with a horse's neck. It may be objected that Rembrandt's chiaroscuro is unnatural because it is unlike Cagliari's, and that Correggio's system is absurd if compared with Velasquez, but as long as each artist is consistent to the principle he adopts his work becomes effective.

As a rule, painters avoid the human figure when they decide on deceiving spectators. In some panoramas figures cannot be avoided, but "vraisemblance" is gained by a skillful use of accessories that are real. The painting of a wounded soldier, which by itself would be commonplace, becomes pathetic when seen through the wheel of a wagon and surrounded with some of the débris of a battlefield.

It is related that Coypel, the French painter, was able on one occasion to compel people to salute a portrait he had painted as if it were the subject. But the circumstance is no proof of extraordinary ability. The portrait was placed near a table so as to suggest a man seated, a favorable hour was chosen for the exhibition, and drapery was arranged to diminish the risk of discovery. Coypel acted like the proprietors of the portrait on Saint Veronica's veil, exhibited some years ago in Pall Mall. The eyes appeared to open and close with a regularity that was painful, but without the draped chamber and the carefully subdued light the phenomenon would not be apparent. To the multitude it was more marvelous than the eyes in portraits which appear always to be turned toward the spectator.

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It is astonishing how soon effects which are startling become tiresome. Like imitations of peculiar sounds in music, or of lace and other transparent fabrics in marble, they are destined to bore those who were first surprised. On that account we have often admired the tact of Mr. Alfred Stevens. If he tried to deceive, at least it was in a venial manner, and the most rigorous judge, if power were given to him, would not decree the removal of the little beetle. If all illusions were as innocent, it would be fortunate.

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The Opening of Africa

THE recent celebration of the opening of the railroad from Cape Town to Buluwayo was so briefly told in the cable dispatches that the real significance of the achievement may be overlooked, says the Boston Journal. It marks, however, the close of the most remarkable epoch in the history of African development—the epoch which began with the settling of the Congo problem in 1877 by Stanley, and which saw, before its close, Africa, by means of diplomacy and the gentle art of free-hand cartography, partitioned wholly among the great Powers of Europe. This partitioning meant actual occupation, in some cases of historic standing, protectorates, chartered companies and indefinite "spheres of influence." These twenty years of active work which the railroad to Buluwayo may be said to close, as it ushers in a new era and forecasts new adjustments of territory, did more for African exploration and the extension of European civilization to the continent than the four hundred years that date from the memorable voyages of the Portuguese, 1434-1497, by which the Cape of Good Hope was doubled and the African littoral made known. For, despite these four hundred years of exploration, Africa was still, in 1877, until Stanley spoke, the "dark continent," while in 1897, though vast areas remain unexplored, its mystery is forever dispelled.

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The reason why the railway to Buluwayo, the longest in Africa—some fourteen hundred miles—means a new epoch is that hitherto African advance has been by means of the river valleys. Indeed, for hundreds of years only the merest fringe of shore and the merest penetration of the great rivers were all that European enterprise could claim as its part in the solution of the African problem. And the African problem was for years the river problem. The mystery of the Niger, about whose territories England and France are still disputing, was settled in 1830. The Nile problem, the oldest known, of which the ancient geographers had much to say, was not settled until 1862-64. The Zambesi problem, made famous by Livingstone, was resolved in 1849-51, while the Congo problem, started in 1868, had its celebrated riddle read in spectacular manner by Stanley in 1874-77. These four valleys tell the story of early African exploration; but now in South Africa the railroad enters the field, and, backed by British enterprise, which rarely misses, even if its diplomacy flashes in the pan, new conquests of primitive Africa are indicated, and with Great Britain in the lead.

That the country that is back of the Cape Town-Buluwayo line dominates Africa to-day is due entirely to its commercial and colonizing instinct. England wins, because, as Montesquieu pointed out long ago, it shapes its politics by its commerce and not its commerce by its politics. Germany's African conquests have been largely a mere matter of crude bureaucratic politics, and consequently costly. It has given a brutal administrator to be loathed—Peters—and a name to be disputed—"Hinterland" (Interiorland)—to current African history. France, in spite of its domination of Northwest Africa since its conquest of Algeria in 1830, is a poor trader, and is out of pocket in its plowing of the African sands. Portugal, still holding by inertia and not energy its ancient claims on the east and the west coast, is not a factor in affairs, save as a disease which will be endured till the time comes for surgical treatment. Italy, with its shadowy Abyssinian claims, is amusing as an African power. But England, as it looks toward the Zambesi from Egypt and as it looks toward Egypt from the Zambesi, finds destiny fighting its battles. The railroad to Buluwayo will soon reach the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa. Already the telegraph lines are "through" from Cape Town to Blantyre, near Nyassa, a two-thousand-mile stretch. Then two thousand miles more the wires must be run from Nyassa up past Tanganyika, past the great lakes, down the Nile to Khartoum, which will soon be English, and then Cape Town will talk with Cairo!

British civilization to-day, therefore, means more for Africa than the combined efforts of all the other colonizing Powers. This may be granted even if one may criticise the greed of empire, the ruthlessness of conquest, the indifference as to means used, the cynicism as to "honor" that have marked the advance, but the advance is amazing. A year ago Benin City, in the Niger region, was given over to hideous barbarism, human sacrifices a daily occurrence. Now Benin has the aspects of an up-to-date village, while its King is being carried up and down the Niger as a state exhibit to impress other chiefs with the fate that awaits those refusing the blessings of English guardianship. Buluwayo, a few years ago equally barbarous—the "Place of Killing," as the name means—was Lobengula's kraal; now it is quite a model town of the Oklahoma boom type, but it has two features unlike the American frontier settlements—one is the stock exchange, representing the darker and dirtier side of the development of Rhodesia, and the other is a public library, which is suggestive of better things.

As great as are England's African territories to-day, their expansion is only a question of the future. She has a preëmption on Portugal's territory south of the Zambesi, and as the Boer States cannot withstand her, British domination of South Africa is unquestioned. This should be of especial interest to the United States, since, as Mr. Bigelow pointed out recently, we are in a favorable position as to trade with this great and constantly growing market. American agricultural and mining machinery, American tools and American conveniences should supplement the work done by the English. Already American engineering and American mining methods rule the Transvaal. Hence for us, as well as for London, the opening of the road from Cape Town to Buluwayo is of much more than passing importance.

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Saving American Forests

IT IS earnestly to be hoped that Congress may during the present session enact adequate legislation, says the New York Observer, for the protection of the forest areas still remaining. For nothing is more certain than that, unless a check is put upon the diminution of these areas by theft, waste and fire, the country will become within the lifetime of persons now living almost as treeless as Spain. It is difficult to overstate the extent of the ravages made in the woodlands, which have practically denuded the older States of their timber, and in the far Western States have in many sections gone so far as to produce the climatic changes, diminished and irregular water supply, and other ills incident to treelessness. The loss by illegal depredations alone amounts, at the market price of lumber, to many millions annually, the timber reported stolen from Government lands during the years from 1881 to 1887 inclusive being valued at $36,719,935, against which there was received as payment for timber only $478,073.

The loss by waste and frauds under the acts allowing residents in certain districts to take timber from the public domain, and railroads to do so for construction purposes, and under the various settlement laws, cannot be calculated, but the rapid disappearance of the forests in localities where these causes must chiefly operate shows it to be very large. Above all other causes of destruction are, of course, forest fires, which not only destroy but prevent restoration for years to come, many of which are started deliberately or through carelessness by settlers, miners, sheep-herders, or from railroad locomotives. In the lack of forest patrol, arrests and punishment for these crimes and misdemeanors are of infrequent occurrence, though none more merit severe penalties, infliction of which in a few cases would doubtless prove a sufficient warning and deterrent.

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With all these causes of forest destruction the Government is competent to deal, and, in view of the certain calamity destined to follow the disappearance of the woodlands, of disastrous floods on the one hand and aridity of soil due to interference with the permanent reservoirs of moisture on the other, it is bound to deal. We are far behind other nations in the matter of forest culture and preservation. With our timber resources melting away like snow, it is high time we followed their example in adopting adequate measures for the recovery of our losses and for future security. France has long maintained an efficient forest administration, charged not only with the care of the public woodlands, none of which have been sold since 1870, but with a certain supervision of corporate and private holdings. Prussia, Russia, Switzerland and British India all have a forest service, conducted under the strict regulations and offering useful careers to efficient men, the results of which have proved so beneficent that under no conceivable conditions would they be abandoned.

The creation of an adequate system of forest police here, such as that recommended by the National Forestry Commission in its report to the Interior Department, would give the same results in this country, and at an expense at the outset not exceeding $250,000. No doubt with the necessary expansion of the system the expense would ultimately be far larger, but as France derives a revenue of $5,000,000 annually from her forests against an expenditure of $3,300,000, it is evident that in our case the benefits accruing from an efficient forest administration would so far outweigh the necessary cost as to bear no real and just comparison with it.

Wherein Education is Weak

By James M. Taylor, D. D.

President of Vassar College

THAT is a most significant saying of the Talmud: "Jerusalem was destroyed because the education of the children was neglected." And yet it is not inconceivable that a nation may give all heed to the training of the young and through a false philosophy of education only hasten the hour of its doom. The character of the education given is the question of paramount interest. It is difficult to even imagine the extent of the consequences of a wrong theory, for example, in the case of so enormous a system as that of the public and private schools of our country.

Naturally, the first element in education which suggests itself, as we think of our schools and colleges, is the intellectual. Happily, at this point educational theory and practice indicate most encouraging progress. The curriculum of the colleges and the secondary schools has been so broadened as to make that seem poor which directed the students of the sixties and seventies. The requirements for admission to Harvard and Yale thirty years since would not admit to day to a college of the second grade. The scholarship of the faculties reaches, in general, a far higher standard. The increased liberty of choice to the student, which has become a necessity in every progressive college, has brought inspiration to the class-room and a higher ideal to both student and instructor. No one can review our educational history for a quarter of a century and not feel gratified and encouraged at the remarkable progress in theory and practice, in the equipment of our colleges and secondary schools, the enrichment of our curricula, and the use of the facilities offered.

Emphasis in this direction was doubtless a great need in our young country. We had great scholars, but we were content with low average attainments in education—and the answer to the need of advance has not been a whit too full in any direction.

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But it is to be feared that our progress has furnished a fresh illustration of the law of extremes. We emphasize a neglected part till we throw it out of due proportion. We neglected the scholarly side, and presto! the test of education becomes solely intellectual. We hardly need say that the hypothesis is unscientific which assumes that man is only, or chiefly, mind, and that an education which builds on it is one-sided and insufficient. Yet in our educational progress there has been a tendency, at least, to act in forgetfulness of the supreme moral values, and a very prevalent utilitarian philosophy, insidious, undermining the keen sense of moral responsibility, has made itself felt among instructors and students alike. Religious education, in a distinctive sense, is not here in mind. It is assumed that that is essential to the highest life, but that the school as such has no definite part in it, and that the moral training of youth may be carried on independently of the teachings of the doctrines and tenets of special forms of religion. The American system separates Church and State, and must do so: indeed their union has everywhere produced bad politics and perverted religion. But it assumes that the church can care for the interests of the faith, and that its schools must provide for the general training of its citizenship. The vast body of the students of the country are in institutions where distinctive Christian tenets may not be taught—and even in many of the schools which are of a denominational and religious character, the religious instruction given does not meet the demand of the education needed by our country. I return then to insist that that is a moral want—not, therefore, divorcible from religion, but yet to be met in other ways than the definite religious need referred to.

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Unless we read ill the signs of the times, the fundamental need in our education to-day is the emphasis on the moral values of life. I shall yield to no one in my respect for pure scholarship. I would instruct every youth exactly, clearly, and would incite every one to dig deep. The study of the common earthworm may mean a universe of relations. A mathematical formula may be, as to Maria Mitchell, "a hymn of the universe." But all this must end in life, or it fails of its purpose. No higher ideal is possible. It is the spirit of Plato's splendid imagery of the seventh book of the Republic. Better still, it is the ideal of the Great Teacher—"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Now the potent factor in the education of the young is the ideals which are wrought into their souls. The small amount of knowledge gained in school and college may fade away, as other interests absorb the life, but the thought which is burned into the young soul and influences the habits and purposes of these early years, shapes through these all that follow. The ideal may be forgotten, but the life that it inspired is never lost.

Almost everything, then, depends on the teacher, but the system has also its great influence and responsibility. If I were to make a broad, general challenge (and in a brief paper one must neglect details) of our school system, it would be at this point. The undue crowding of many of our schools, and the tendency in all to an overfull curriculum, results in a tendency (to speak mildly) to make a marking system and the examination the tests of education. Now what is the result to the pupil?

Intellectually speaking, it dwarfs him. It sets false ideals before him, and so contributes to the unreal and artificial standards he sets up. It destroys his respect for real knowledge. It leads him to measure intellect by text-books, by memory alone, instead of by clear and effective thinking. It fails, in other words, to educate him.

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But the moral effect is more serious. To "get through," to work for immediate effect, to test success in life by a single effort, to disbelieve in the ideal of steady growth, by daily faithfulness, toward the cultivation and discipline of all our faculties—these are dangers inherent in such conduct of education. Let it not be thought that I affirm that this is universal, nor that I forget the good teaching and the high ideals in most if not in all of our schools, but the defect is a real one and very prevalent, and it points the need of moral awakening in our whole system, public and private. The responsibility of the teacher must be emphasized, and the fact strongly grasped that his ideals of education are influencing every student under him in his conception of life and service, as well as of study and knowledge.

The methods of facing disputed questions in the class-room are a daily lesson in fairness or unfairness—the spirit of fearlessness, reverence, self-respect, the hatred of shams, the immorality of bad work and scamped work, the absolute claim of truth and right, and the subordination of expediency to principle—the truth that moral law expresses the nature of things, and that he who breaks it must be broken—these all, the best and highest results of any education, are taught, or hidden, by the conduct of every class-room in the land. We need to hold up the ideal of enrichment and strengthening of life, sight and insight—and so to awaken daily the spirits of our youth to aspire toward truth and goodness, and to shun as bad the working for immediate effect, the love of show, which is always sham, and the conceptions of success which see it in immediate attainment, and do not base it on thoroughness.—Christian Intelligencer.

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Cleanest Place in the World

THE cleanest place in a world of dirt—where is it? "It" is a group of islands—the Canaries. Fortunate Isles the ancients called them, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Whether, however, the title of Fortunate given to these islands had or had not a reference to this quality, which we place proverbially only next to godliness, the quality itself is strikingly conspicuous. The islands had other names. The Hesperides is the most familiar of them, and the Teneriffe; the original "dragon" tree may be seen, beneath which that sleepless dragon coiled himself who acted as watchdog for the maidens guarding the golden apples. To-day we call "golden apples" oranges—in the language of the country, narangas. We have changed the name of the islands, too, and call them the Canaries. No canary birds seem to live in them, however.

Luxuriant vegetation is the glory of Teneriffe; a climate wonderfully equable is common to them all, but Grand Canary is especially blessed in its dryness and freshness. At Orotava is more grandeur of gardens and spacious hotels; at Las Palmas, facing the northeast trade winds, is the constant fresh breeze off the sea, accommodation as comfortable as could be desired and the quality of cleanliness in its superlative degree. Where all is so dry it is difficult to be dirty, and a positive triumph of innate instincts over circumstances on the part of the proletariat that so many of them continue to be filthy. The Englishman may even be astonished at their dirt, as he will be astonished at his own cleanliness. The astonishment is the greater because the place is pervaded by a fine dust. But the very dust is of a cleanly, almost of a cleansing, nature. It lies in powder on the banana groves and palm trees. After a country drive it may make a dark coat look as if its wearer's profession had to do with a flour mill, but a shower of rain sweeps it off the foliage, and a shake and a brush off the garment, and they are all cleaner than they were before.

When Love Fills the Heart

My Love for Thee

By Samuel Minturn Peck

THE love whose thoughts far swifter fly
Than sea birds through the spray,
The love that craves with stifled sigh
A dear voice far away;
Whose longing memories strive to trace
Each smile of vanished glee;
And soars sublime through time and space—
That is my love for thee.

The wistful love that clings and clings
Like some forsaken child;
The trustful love that sings and sings
With echoes weird and wild;
That whispers in the lonely night
Of what can never be,
From eyes a-gleam with tearful light—
That is my love for thee.

The love that hath no part of bliss
And only breathes in pain,
And yet whose pang I would not miss
For all the stars contain;
That broke my heart in days gone by,
And wrecked my life for me,
The hopeless love that ne'er can die—
That is my love for thee.

—Boston Transcript.

In the Sunlight of Love Again

Hand in Hand with Peace

WE PARTED where the shadows crept
Along the valley damp and chill,
And low the wailing breezes swept
Around the solitary hill;
And Love was beaten back by Pride
With angry word and bitter speech,
Till, pausing where the paths divide,
We turned in silence, each from each.

Have we been happy? Was the thing
We strove for really worth the strife?
What gifts could Scorn and Anger bring
Save broken vows and severed life?
Oh, sweet blue eyes, with trouble dim!
Oh, tender glance, half frank, half shy!
Love's cup runs over at the brim,
And shall we lightly put it by?

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,
In perfect trust of heart and mind;
Turn to the happier days before—
Leave we the darker hours behind.
From life's dark past new hopes are born,
The jarring discords slowly cease;
And through an ever-brightening morn
Sweet Love walks hand in hand with Peace.

—Chambers's Journal.

Common Country Living

MAKING HOMES MORE ATTRACTIVE

By Lilian Wright

FOR the well-to-do and wealthy, country life most nearly approaches ideal life. With abundant means the natural attractions of pure air and fine scenery are augmented by all that landscape gardeners' and architects' skill can conceive, easily making it possible to possess a home that is a model of comfort and luxury.

But the masses are not millionaires, and there are millions of country homes whose all-the-year occupants have only moderate incomes, or, too frequently, are engaged in a lifelong struggle to pay the taxes and raise the mortgage, and it sometimes happens these homes are lacking in comfort and convenience, the latter conditions being sometimes more due to lack of inclination than lack of cash.

As to the surroundings of country homes, hills and mountains are generally desirable features in the landscape, but until Chicago perfects her scheme of portable mountains millions of homes "must make shift to do without" that background. The next most salient point is trees. I don't mean one on each side of the front gate, but yards nicely shaded, and an occasional cluster beneath which hammocks are hung or a rustic seat fitted. The extensive grounds of Hon. George F. Edmunds, in Vermont's beautiful Queen City, win admiration from all beholders in the restful, grateful shade of nearly all varieties of Vermont trees. Mrs. Edmunds told me they were, almost without exception, dug up by some member of the family on their daily and holiday drives together, and are living monuments of family pastimes which grow dearer as time lengthens. Other less busy families might easily obtain similar results. If the old Spanish custom of planting fruit stones and nuts by the wayside were in vogue, trees would have an added value.

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Since Shakespeare's time all the world has admired England's hedges. That most charming "dividing fence" is but hawthorn, blackthorn or cedar, which grow equally well in America, yet the majority of our fences are wood or wire that may easily get out of repair and are a prolific cause of neighborhood wrangles. Cedar is the best and hardiest hedge in all climates, attaining a serviceable height in five years, though other hedges are more rapid growers. A hedge must be protected at the start, but in a few years holds its own and continues to improve in strength and beauty.

The house we live in should be quite within one's means, adapted to the needs of the family in size and arrangement of rooms, and its architecture in harmony with its surroundings. A large, well-kept lawn is the best setting for a house, which should stand well up from the ground, on account of looks and drainage, if possible face the south or east, and always be so planned that each room may receive sunlight some part of the day.

In New England the visits of the summer boarder at five and ten dollars per week is regarded as a bonanza greatly to be cherished. But when the bonanza prematurely departs in wrath because there is not a shade tree on the premises, nor porch nor piazza, and it had to choose between a broiling sun without or a close, hot room within, in nine cases out of ten it is safe to say before another year has rolled away the conditions of that home will be changed. Some rainy day "father and the boys" have an arbor day by themselves. Then Tom says Jones' boy said Brown's hired man told him for certain that old man Smith's pretty six-by-eight porch cost just twenty-five dollars. A little reckoning proves that as they can do most of the carpenter work and painting themselves, they can and do make an equally good porch for half that sum. Blinds cost from one to two dollars per window painted by home talent, and with use comes the revelation that blinds exclude heat and not fresh air, and take away the staring look from the windows. "The women folks set such a store" by the porch that a piazza is built on the east end next year. The house now looks so well the invalid and crippled fence and gates are thoroughly rejuvenated.

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Smooth, well-kept lawns, brightened with flowers, add a great commercial as well as artistic value to a place. Climbing roses are prettiest for porch and piazza, but woodbine and grapevines are more hardy. Hydrangeas, lilacs and flowering almonds are shrubs that live for years. Rhododendrons, peonies, tulips, lilies-of-the-valley and the narcissus, which do not need taking up for Northern winters, dahlias and gladioluses, which need taking up, are strong and showy bulbs. Geraniums, oleanders, fuchsias, heliotropes, callas and century plants are some of the easily grown house plants that will bear putting out for the summer. Ricinuses and cannas are very showy annuals, giving a tropical look to Northern gardens. A twenty-five-cent package of several varieties of seeds will furnish as many annuals as one or two women will want to weed and transplant, and an abundance of gay, sweet flowers, provided they are given a rich, mellow soil, good drainage and plenty of water. This list, which grows without culture in the South, is one which can be cultivated independently of a gardener and at little cost of time or money. Bear in mind that in each locality some plants are practically indigenous, while others require more culture. Flower-beds in set designs are pretty, but so are little plots of one or two varieties. Rockeries, filled with ferns, ice plants and rock roses are easily made, but alas! not easily kept free from grass and sorrel. If your yard has a figurative wart or mole to which you cannot apply other treatment, plant a woodbine to cover it over, and then admire the greenery.

Probably no two women would wholly agree as to the most convenient arrangement of the rooms of a house. On a farm, a large kitchen is a necessity; off a farm, the smaller the better, to my mind. A large pantry and cooking-room, sinkroom and woodbox built in the shed and opening by a small door near the stove, save a great deal of work and litter in the kitchen. A laundry with set tubs is a great labor-saver, but if unobtainable, usually a floor can be laid in part of the shed, and tubs, etc., set there. I consider running water a kitchen necessity.

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The two greatest deficiencies of the older houses are the absence of baths and dining-rooms. A good bathtub can be obtained cheaply, and where there is no running water, eaves-spouts running into a tank on the upper floor will usually furnish sufficient water for bathroom purposes. A few dollars will buy a boiler to attach to the kitchen stove for hot water.

A dining-room is not always possible, yet many people eat in kitchen or sitting-room when a very little effort would get a dining-room. Aside from the æsthetic aspect, this room is invaluable in saving an untold amount of work, for it can be shut up when not in use and kept clean and orderly with little work. This is the one room where all the family are sure to be together three times a day, and should be as attractive as possible. Perfect order and exquisite neatness should prevail, the appointments as nice and dainty as means permit. A white cloth is preferable, and, be it coarse or fine, should be laid without a wrinkle over a silence cloth—be it felting or Canton flannel—big enough to hang well over the sides of the table. A double satin damask cloth will more than twice outwear a cloth costing half as much. Cut glass and Royal Worcester may be beyond the means, but thin blown and pressed glass is inexpensive and pretty. American, German and Austrian china is now made in delicate designs, light, fine grain, of great tenacity and low in price.

Country women are good needlewomen, and exquisite embroideries for table and household use no longer need be the perquisites of the rich. Round-thread linen embroidered in Asiatic-dye silks are the most satisfactory materials, and always look and launder well. In the country it is the polite custom to make long calls, and in these odd hours very elaborate embroideries may be made, yet never feel much time has been spent. In the East, especially, many women in the country are extravagant of muscle and money in cooking so much pastry.

It would be better for the majority, especially women, to eat more meat. Eggs cooked in various ways are not tiresome; fowls can be raised at trifling cost.

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The average family would live better and be healthier to double or treble the amount of vegetables used. Fifty cents to a dollar will buy seeds for a large garden, and if planted early and well cared for will furnish a much-needed variety from the ever-present potato. Small fruits cost little but care, still the average country garden lacks them. Nothing gives such a relish in hot weather as fresh fruit, and it is equally appetizing in the winter when canned or preserved. Fruit and gelatine jellies are cheap and good. Figs or nuts and raisins are an agreeable change. Nearly always at least oranges and bananas can be got and are nice with cake, served whole or sliced and sprinkled with sugar. The dishes made with cream and eggs are legion. Cheese, almost as nutritious as beef, is too often omitted from the table.

Sleeping-rooms should be large, light and airy. The ideal floor is hardwood covered with rugs instead of a carpet all over. The woodwork and walls should be in light, delicate tints; if the walls are hung with figured paper the design should be small and unobtrusive. Oculists and common-sense decree the windows should have heavy, opaque shades to perfectly exclude light at night. These can be rolled out of sight in daytime and only the white draperies appear. Painted iron bedsteads are as nice and more easily cared for than brass. Tradition and prejudice are largely responsible for the continuance of straw and feather beds, which are neither easy to make, comfortable, nor healthy. Springs and mattresses, or better, two light mattresses, are the most comfortable, hygienic and easiest cared for. There will be less headaches and round shoulders when pillows are discarded. The mattresses should be turned every day, and are best in two parts. Woolen blankets are light and warm, and should supersede heavy quilts.

There is no one thing that sweetens and brightens daily home life more than music, and at even great sacrifices a piano or organ should find place in every sitting-room—and what other instruments can be afforded. Always buy an instrument of old, reliable manufacturers, sure to be well built and of good tone, whether the case be plain or ornate. It is well worth while even if none become proficient musicians, if they never do more than play Gospel hymns and the popular songs and dances of the day. Pictures, whether oils, water-colors or engravings, give a homelike look. There is no occasion for gaudy daubs in these days of inexpensive etchings and dainty photogravures copied after the best artists. Not only the photographs of friends, but of famous scenes and the places one visits, make very interesting collections, and deft fingers can make handsome cases for them. Sculptured marbles may be beyond the means, but perfect casts are had at very slight expense.

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It is a great convenience and mental relief to a busy woman to have a parlor kept in immaculate order against the coming of the unexpected guest. But if the parlor is at the expense of daily comfort, abolish it. It is far better the family daily enjoy a cheerful, comfortable sitting-room than huddle in cramped, unpleasant quarters with only the bare necessities, for the sake of having a fine parlor for occasional use. If not a crime, it is most unwise to crush out the comfort and stultify the love of the beautiful in the home life to more nearly approach splendor in the parlor and guest-chamber, and no guest enjoys thinking their comfort is at the cost of others' discomfort.

But what makes life worth living is not food and furniture alone. Country people should aim at greater mental cultivation. Liberal education is within the reach of all. Home interest should not grow less, but outside interests should be greater, should be broader. Home work must not be allowed to inclose our lives with impassable walls. For too many of us the world lies wholly within our own fence lines. It is easy to get in a rut, and easier to stay in it, but we must never forget that while duty begins, it should not end, at home. Some city daily, your local paper, your denominational publication, a good weekly or monthly household paper or magazine, make a good list to keep in touch with the progress of the world and give a comprehensive acquaintance with the best modern literature. Reading aloud an hour in the evening an entertaining paper or book is not only pleasant in itself, but fixes facts, particularly when new places are looked up on the maps and new words in the dictionary. One dollar's worth of moulding applied to a set of plain shelves makes a respectable bookcase; a handsome curtain will protect it from accumulations of dust.

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Very much can be learned by observation if we go through the world with our eyes open. Country is the ideal place to study botany and geology, yet how many average persons know a stamen from a taproot, or even the common, not to mention the scientific, names of the different grasses, grains, wild flowers, shrubs and trees of their own locality, the name and nature of the soil, and rocks in their own region? The fish, birds, bugs and animals are uninteresting only when unknown. Often not even the names of the great constellations of stars are known, let alone their mythology. These and other sciences, as well as history of State, nation and world, can be acquired as surely at home as in a college.

It is a good plan in all the outings (fortunately growing more frequent) to obtain something as a souvenir of the time and place, even if costing but a few cents. Railways bring the world nearer the byways, and each year brings lower rates to an ever-increasing number of interesting places. An old dish bought in a Chinese or Japanese store makes the Mongolian more real to us than any amount of statistics; the bit of china leads one to study the habits and customs of the nation it represents.

Country people may lack the polish that comes only by constant friction with the cultivated, but they may be, and generally are, kindly, courteous and well bred. A little thought will make a shrill, nasal voice uniformly low and well modulated, the round or stoop shoulders straight, the figure erect. Practice makes the most awkward amble an easy, graceful carriage. The best manner comes from a kind, generous heart.

Much has been said about our social life: one says the country village is wholly given over to gossip; another, that country people are hard, suspicious and unsocial as clams. Both criticisms are somewhat right, but more false. In most country villages there are those who have no business of their own to attend to, and so in a nasty spirit devote themselves to their neighbors' affairs. But the majority—in fact, almost all—are honest, upright, honorable men and women, living close up to the Golden Rule. Church and church work are the nucleus of social life; family relatives and friends give each other pleasantest afternoon and evening visits. For genuine, unselfish, kindly help, and friendliness in prosperity and in adversity, commend me to the little country town.

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Magical Growth of Plants

A FRENCH scientist, M. Ragonneau, has just discovered how to make a plant grow from the seed in thirty minutes as much as it would, under ordinary circumstances, in as many days. Heretofore, Nature has shared this secret with the Yoghis of India alone, and the methods pursued by these clever magicians in performing this trick have been often described. They plant a seed in the earth and cover it with a cloth. In a few moments the cloth begins to be pushed upward by the growing plant, which in a short time attains the height of several feet. Various theories have been advanced as to the *modus operandi* of this miracle, one of the latter being that the spectators are all hypnotized.

During his travels in India M. Ragonneau saw this trick performed frequently, and noticed that the Hindoos always imbedded the seed in the soil which they brought with them especially for that purpose. At last he learned that they obtained this earth from the hills. Now, as every one knows who has inadvertently eaten one of these industrious insects, ants contain a large proportion of formic acid, with which in time the soil of their habitation becomes charged. This acid has the power of quickly dissolving the integument surrounding a seed and of greatly stimulating the growth of the germ within. After a little experimenting with this acid, the learned Frenchman was able to duplicate perfectly the Hindoo trick. His further researches have led him to believe that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar may be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using earth moistened with a solution of five thousand parts of water to one of acid.

Progress of Modern Medicine

TRIUMPHS OF THE SCIENCE THAT CURES

By Cyrus Edson, M. D.

I AM requested, says Doctor Edson in a valuable article in The Independent, to note, in a general way, the progress of medicine during the past twenty-five or thirty years. To say that the changes brought about have been great is but a feeble form of words to indicate the wonderful results that have been attained. I suppose it is safe to say that no profession has made greater advances.

Dr. Malcolm Morris, of England, recently stated that he believed medicine (in which he included the whole art of healing) had made greater progress during the last sixty years than it had done in the previous sixty centuries. He says that when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, in 1837, the average practitioner knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys than was known to Hippocrates. It is interesting to observe that members of the medical profession are becoming more and more imbued with the earnest forward movement of the age, while at the same time holding themselves in check by a spirit of true and wholesome conservatism, very different from the medieval spirit which once, unfortunately, characterized their attitude toward intellectual advancement and discovery.

One of the first and most important changes in medical treatment to be referred to is the new and better method of dealing with fevers, brought about because of the diseases themselves being better understood. In former times all fevers were classified into "continued" and "intermittent." It is said that as late as the fifties an eminent professor of surgery complained that his colleague, the professor of medicine, had invented "new-fangled varieties."

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The development of the science of bacteriology has advanced medicine enormously, especially in the diagnosis and treatment of fevers. To illustrate, take the case of typhoid fever. It is not so many years ago that the difference between typhoid and typhus fevers was first recognized. Both these fevers were formerly described under various names. Typhus was popularly known as the jail fever, hospital fever, brain fever, bilious fever, spotted fever, camp fever, etc. From the peculiar lesions which are associated with it the terms enteric fever and intestinal fever were considered as appropriate synonyms for typhoid. Under the old method of treating this disease the physician who would have immersed his patient in a tub of ice water for the purpose of reducing the sufferer's temperature would have been looked upon as one who was sending him to his death. In these days we find that this very proceeding is one of the very best that can be employed. The temperature is at once reduced, and the percentage of death in this disease has been enormously reduced from this change alone in the method of treatment.

Typhoid patients were formerly kept in bed, covered up warm, allowed to drink no water, though suffering from acute thirst, and permitted to eat almost any kind of food, while encouraged to eat meat in order to keep up their strength. Now we find that the typhoid bacillus develops very rapidly in animal foods. We have discovered that, as it has its habitat in the bowel location, if we give animal food we make the patient very much worse; therefore, we withhold all animal food. All this is the direct outcome of observations on the cultivation of the bacillus. These observations were begun six or eight years ago, but were only really applied practically during the last three years. We now feed the typhoid patient on vegetables, gruels, starchy and other foods that do not contain meat. Beef teas and beef broths, which were formerly considered very valuable in the feeding of the typhoid patient, are now looked upon as extremely dangerous. We use, also, antiseptics or germicides by the mouth, having obtained those that will pass the stomach and render the bowels antiseptic, thus destroying the germs.

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Auscultation by the stethoscope is a mode of detecting diseases, especially those of the heart and lungs, by listening to the sounds produced in the cavity of the chest. This means of diagnosis was first employed in the middle of the last century; but long after the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign it is averred that elderly gentlemen might be seen, when a stethoscope was offered to them at a consultation, to apply the wrong end to their ear! We now have several new instruments for this method of diagnosis. One of the latest, the phoneidoscope, the invention of an Italian, is constructed somewhat on the principle of the stethoscope, and takes its place. Other delicate instruments which have made diagnosis more precise are the ophthalmoscope, for examining the eye; the laryngoscope, for investigating the larynx and trachea or windpipe; the sphygmograph and cardiograph for recording the beats of the pulse and the heart, and the clinical thermometer, which enables us to make a more definite diagnosis of fever.

Fifty years ago scarcely anything was known in regard to the origin and treatment of nervous diseases. Wonderful progress has been made along these lines, especially in the treatment of idiocy. Take, for instance, extreme idiocy due to cretinism. Cretinism is an endemic disease of high valleys, especially in the Alps, whose subjects are characterized by imperfectly developed bodies. A typical cretin presents a marked physical conformation. He is stunted in growth and rarely reaches five feet in height. His skin is of a tawny, yellowish hue, thickened and wrinkled, and looks as if too large for his body. His tongue is large and thick, and often hangs from his mouth. The face is large; the lower jaw drooping and its angle obtuse. The cretin is usually more or less of an idiot, hereditarily.

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The treatment of this form of idiocy which depends upon cretinism has advanced wonderfully. In former times the only method to pursue was to remove the patient to where the soil was dry and porous; improve his hygienic condition by baths and nutritious diet; cod-liver oil and lactophosphate of lime and iron were administered. We now find that prescribing an extract made from the thyroid gland of the sheep will rapidly improve the patient's condition, and often cure him of a disease which, in former times, was considered as incurable as cancer. Cretinism in this country is comparatively rare; still, in the aggregate, there are quite a number of cases, certainly enough to make the new method of treatment a matter of interest to our own practitioners, especially as it presents possibilities of being developed along other lines.

There is nothing of moment to record in the medical treatment of insanity; but there has been a vast change in improving the general condition of the patient, and consequently there is a larger percentage of such unfortunates either cured or helped. In treating them medicinally we have a far wider range of drugs to choose from. The discovery of synthetical chemistry has immensely widened the therapeutic armament of the physician in the treatment of the insane. Their condition in asylums twenty-five years ago was deplorable. At that time it was considered that a model insane asylum should consist of a vast block of buildings the centre of which was appropriated to the residence of the officers, kitchen, etc., from which there radiated long galleries in which small rooms, or cells, were arranged upon one or both sides of a corridor. At one extremity there would be public rooms, in which the agitated or non-industrial inmates, as the case might be, spent the day, while the more tractable patients were withdrawn to engage in some pursuit in workshops, or on the grounds, which were surrounded by high walls. A gradual but great revolution has taken place in regard to how the insane should be housed and treated. Asylums at the present time, especially those for wealthy private patients, are arranged very much like ordinary dwelling-houses. The cottage system—that is, placing the dangerous cases in cottages in the vicinity of public asylums, where they can be actively treated as their condition may require, has been found to be a great improvement over the old method. In all insane asylums the semblance and much of the reality of coercion has been abolished; the influence of religion, occupation, education, recreation; the judicious application of moral impressions, and the exercise of rational kindness and discriminating discipline, have been superadded to medical treatment, and substituted for brute force, terror and cruelty.

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Specialization in the medical profession has only come about within the last quarter of a century. In those days there were few specialists except general surgical specialists. At the present time it is to be feared that the specialist feature is being overdone. There are too many specialists who are not thoroughly grounded in the practice of general medicine. A specialist, to be of any service, must first of all be a competent, all-round general physician and a man who has had large experience in his profession. In these days young men step from college and at once devote themselves to some special branch without any basis of general experience from which to work.

In the treatment of skin diseases there has been great improvement. In the days of famous Dr. John Hunter such affections were divided into "those which sulphur could cure, those which mercury could cure, and those which the devil himself couldn't cure." In our time the treatment of these troubles has been improved by the discovery of the synthetical drugs. The elements of these remedies are put together theoretically by the chemist, and he produces the substance from the elements that he finds in coal-tar. They are called "coal-tar derivatives" because we find in coal-tar all the essential elements that are necessary for the construction of these drugs. Antipyrine is a notable example. For the treatment of skin diseases there is a long list of remedies which have been produced from coal-tar. These diseases were formerly treated by means of balsams, arsenic and mercurial preparations. Although these latter remedies have not lost their place entirely, still in many cases they have been superseded by the coal-tar preparations, which have been found more efficient. Transfusion of blood, a method of treatment devised twenty years ago, and transfusion of a salt solution (a late discovery) into the veins of persons dying from hemorrhage, have been the means of saving many lives. The use of the hypodermic syringe has tended to make medicine a more exact science, and this instrument is being used more and more every day to obtain more exact results. We now inject antiseptics into the blood, also remedies having the power of inciting the production of phagocytes, or blood scavengers.

There has been great progress made in the knowledge of the nature and course of disease, largely on account of the discoveries made in bacteriology.

We have found that antitoxin antidotes or neutralizes the poison of diphtheria. The blood serum of animals, treated in a certain way, gives us an antidote against the bite of poisonous serpents. Chemical antidotes remain about the same. There have been no notable discoveries in the treatment of poisoning by the old poisons.

There has been an enormous increase in the number of drugs. I should say that the Materia Medica contains three times as many remedies as that of twenty-five years ago, and many of the new drugs are exceedingly valuable. Even five years ago the coal-tar preparations, just referred to, were practically unknown; now they are more commonly used than any other remedies.

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There has been a remarkable advance in medicine and hygiene in connection with the public health. Other than the fact, however, that the people better understand the necessity for sanitary measures, we do not know so very much more about sanitation than we did ten years ago. The public does, and the community will now tolerate laws in regard to health the enforcement of which would have led to a riot or a revolution twenty-five years ago or even ten years ago; as, for instance, the isolation of the milder contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria. Even typhus fever and smallpox patients could not be isolated twenty-five years ago.

The application of methods of disinfection has been very much improved, and there is a promise of an advance along these lines in the near future. Formaldehyde, a new disinfectant, enables us to thoroughly disinfect a dwelling. The decomposition of sea-water, by means of electricity, has also put in our hands a cheap and extremely valuable disinfecting solution, and the discovery by Pictet, in France, and Pollock, in this country, of the properties of sulphurous acid gas when combined with carbonic acid gas has furnished us with a really efficient gaseous disinfectant.

While medicine may seem to advance slowly and in the wake of the other sciences, its advancement is none the less apparent. We shall look for new developments from the use of electricity in its application to medicine. As regards bacteriology and chemistry, medicine must be content to remain in the tow of those sciences.

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It is believed that the x-rays will be found of considerable benefit in the application of medicine to specific parts; the rays will be used, in some cases, as a carrier of medicine to diseased portions of the body. We have attempted to improve the sight of the blind by means of the x-ray, but beyond a temporary and slight improvement no result has been obtained. The use of the x-ray to determine the location of aneurisms and of stomach and liver diseases has been successful; also in certain intestinal displacements.

The employment of animal fluids as remedial agents is one of the newest discoveries in medicine—blood serums, like antitoxin, anti-tuberculin, etc. The evidence preponderates in favor of the value of these serums, the number of which is very large and constantly increasing. Without doubt some are extremely valuable, but many are on the market that are of no practical use.

The progress of medicine is further exemplified in its literature. The lawyer or theological student can gather a library of books and be tolerably sure that all, or most of them, will be of use to him for ten or fifteen years. Not so with the physician. Most of the medical books that were published five years ago are of no use to him whatever. Valuable cyclopædias, digests and compends, which the physician finds necessary to refer to, must be absolutely up to date. Works that have cost infinite labor to their authors and a good round sum of money to the doctor must be thrown aside to be replaced by expensive works which contain the latest and most reliable information.

The Essence of Repartee

IS THERE A ROYAL ROAD TO WIT?

SO LARGE is the world's stock of repartees that it would seem impossible to invent anything new, says a writer in the Catholic Standard. And so it is. But there are many old specimens that bear repetition.

For the proper use of repartees it is necessary either to recollect or to understand them, and it is desirable, when possible, to do both. Such was not the case with the undergraduate who remarked upon the shortness of a friend's gown, and received for answer, "It will be long before I buy another." Hugely delighted with this witticism, which is, we believe, in technical language, an amphibology, he said to the next acquaintance he met, "My gown is short, but it will be a long time before I buy another." To his surprise and chagrin the man merely stared and did not laugh.

What are the conditions of a repartee? It should be courteous in form, severe in substance, difficult either to mistake or to resent. Such was the famous reply of Provost Goodall to William IV.

"When he goes," said the King, speaking to Keate, and pointing to Goodall, "when he goes I'll make you him."

"I couldn't think of going before Your Majesty," said the Provost, with a bow.

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Nothing could be more absolutely perfect. The King had been brutally rude. The Provost was extremely courteous. But a sterner rebuke was never administered to a monarch by a subject. This is far better and more truly humorous than Wilkes' smart retort to the Prince of Wales. Wilkes was whistling "God Save the King."

"How long have you taken to that tune?" asked the Prince.

"Ever since I had the honor of your Royal Highness' acquaintance."

That is the Revolution in a nutshell, and one of the great sayings of the world.

Mr. Gladstone thinks the best repartee he ever heard in the House of Commons was Lord John Russell's. Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory, taunted Lord John with the "cant of patriotism."

"I will show the honorable Baronet a worse thing than the cant of patriotism. I mean the recant of patriotism."

That, no doubt, is very clever, being spirited, and was, in the circumstances, thoroughly well deserved. But if one must be hypercritical, it is too purely verbal to rank in the highest class of all. Lord Ellenborough's Parliamentary aside strikes us as better.

"My Lord," said a pompous Peer, "I put the question to myself."

"And a precious silly answer you must have got," was Ellenborough's comment.

Lord Ellenborough, though a Chief Justice, did not say "precious." Language changes, if thought does not. It is difficult, however, to believe that any member of the House of Commons said in debate, "I will have the noble Lord's head." If he did, Lord North's prompt retort that "for no earthly consideration would he have the honorable gentleman's" has great merit. It was very funny, it was at least comparatively polite, and it applied the weapon of ridicule where any other would have been misplaced. If Erskine actually said to the client who declared that he would be hanged if he didn't defend himself, "You'll be hanged if you do," he ought to have been profoundly grateful for the opening. There are remarks, of which this is one, that seem to have no other reason for existence than the suggestion of an obvious repartee.

For simplicity and cruelty nothing could surpass Mr. Rogers' repartee to Lady Davy.

"So, Mr. Rogers, I hear you have been attacking me."

"Attacking you, Lady Davy? I waste my whole time in defending you."

For a combination of malice and wit the collected works of Voltaire might be ransacked for a parallel. And whatever we may think of Rogers for saying it, we cannot deny that the lady brought it on herself. She should have let the hedgehog alone.

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When Brabantio says to Iago, "You are a villain," Iago replies, "You are—a Senator." This is a cruder form of irony, but a most deadly one. The late Lord Granville, whose wit was so unostentatious that it was scarcely appreciated as it ought to have been, had a wonderful neatness in hitting the point. A friend whose head showed signs of advancing years consulted Lord Granville on the present he could give to a wealthy heiress on her marriage.

"I want something rare, but not expensive," he said.

"A lock of your hair," suggested Lord Granville urbanely.

But all repartees suffer by being removed from their proper places and put in a collection. They should arise naturally out of the situation and reflect the mood of the moment. Some of the best may not have been really delivered. They may be the wit of the staircase, concocted after the event. But so long as they are dramatically rendered and not huddled together without rhyme or reason they retain their original flavor, and survive in their original strength and intensity the circumstances which gave them birth.

What Life May Mean

By Charles [illegible] Hildreth

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

For the Regent's Wager

A RIDE FOR A LIFE

By Arthur T. Quiller-Couch ("Q")

BOUTIGO'S van—officially styled "The Vivid"—had just issued from the Packhorse Yard, Tregarrick, a leisurely three quarters of an hour behind its advertised time, and was scaling the acclivity of Saint Fimbar's Street in a series of short tacks. Now and then it [illegible] passenger or a parcel, [illegible]ns Boutigo produced a [illegible]f big stones from his hip pockets and slipped them under the hind wheels, while we, his patrons within the van, tilted at an angle of fifteen degrees upon cushions of American cloth, sought for new centres of gravity, and earnestly desired the summit.

It was on the summit, where the considerate Boutigo gave us a minute's pause to rearrange ourselves and our belongings, that we slipped into easy and general talk. An old countryman, with an empty poultry basket on his knees, and a battered top-hat on the back of his head, gave us the cue.

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"When Boutigo's father had the accident that was back in 'fifty-six,' and it broke his leg and two ribs—the van started from close upon the knap o' the hill here, and seat itself fo'k-ts against the bridge at the foot just two and a half minutes after."

I suggested that this was not very fast for a runaway horse.

"I dessay not," he answered, "but 'twas pretty spry for a van slippin' backwards, and the old mare daggin' her toes in all the way to hold it up."

One or two of the passengers grinned at my expense, and the old man pursued:

"But if you want to know how fast a horse can get down Saint Fimbar's hill, I reckon you've lost your chance by not axin' Dan'l Best, that died up to the 'Sylum twelve years since; though poor soul, he'd but one answer for every question from his seven-an'-twentieth year to his end, an' that was 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!'

"Ah, the poor body! his was a wisht case," observed [illegible] from the corner farthest in the door.

Aye, Schna, and fast forgotten, like all the doings and sufferings of the men of old time." He reached a hand round his basket, and touching me on the knee pointed back to Tregarrick. "There's a wall [illegible]—and I saw by the direction of his finger that he meant the wall of the county prison—"and beneath that wall's a road, and across that road's a dismal pool, and beyond that pool's a green hillside, with a road athurt it that comes down and crosses by the pool's head. Stand n' 'pon that hillside you can [illegible] door in the wall, twenty feet above the road, an' openin' on nothing. Leastways, you could see it once, an' even now, if your eyesight, ye can see where the [illegible] bricked it up."

I could, in fact, even at our distance, detect the patch of recent stonework and knew something of its history.

"Now," the old man continued, "turn your looks to the right an' mark the face of Tregarrick town clock. You see it, hey?" [illegible] time to read the hour on its dial [illegible] Boutigo jolted us over the ridge and out of sight of it. "Well, carry them two things in your mind, for they mazed Dan'l Best an' murdered his brother, Hughie."

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And, much as I shall repeat it, he told me this tale, pausing now and again to be corroborated by the woman in the corner. The history, my dear reader, is accurate enough for Boutigo's van.

There lived a young man in Tregarrick in the time of the French War. His name was Dan'l Best, and he had an only brother, Hughie, just three years younger than himself. Their father and mother had died of the small pox and left them, when quite young children, upon the parish, but old Walters of the Packhorse—he was great-grandfather of the Walters that keeps it now—took a liking to them and employed them first about his stables, and, in course of time, as postboys. Very good postboys they were, too, till Hughie took to drinking and wenching, and cards and other devil's tricks. Dan'l was always a steady sort; walked with a nice young woman, under-housemaid up to the old Lord Bellarmine's at Castle Cannick, and was saving up to be married when Hughie robbed the mail.

Hughie robbed the mail out of doubt. He did it up by Tippet's Barrow, just beyond the crossroads where the scarlet gig used to meet the coach and take the mails for Castle Cannick and beyond to Tolquite. Billy Phillips, that drove the gig, was found in the ditch with his mouth gagged, and swore to Hughie's being the man. The Lord Chief Justice, too, summed up dead against him, and the jury didn't even leave the box. And the moral was, "Hughie Best, you're to be taken to the place whence you came from, et cetera, [illegible] your soul."

You may fancy what a blow this was to Dan'l; for though pained and vexed with Hughie's evil courses, he'd never guessed the worst, nor anything like it. Not a doubt had he, nor could have, that Hughie was guilty; but he went straight from the court to his [illegible]ng woman and said, "I've saved money for us to be married on. There's little chance that I can win Hughie a reprieve, and, whether or no, it will eat all up, of nearly all my savings. Only he's my one brother. Shall I go?" And she said, "Go, my dear, if I wait ten years for you." So he borrowed a horse for a stage or two, and then hired, and so got to London, on a fool's chase, as it seemed.

The fellow's purpose, of course, was to see King George. But King George, as it happened, was daft just then, and George, his son, reigned in his stead, being called the Prince Regent. Weary days did Dan'l air his heels with one Minister of the Crown after another before he could get to see this same Regent, and 'tis to be supposed that the great city, being new to him, weighed heavy on his spirits. And all the time he had but one plea, that his brother was no more than a boy and hadn't an ounce of vice in his nature—which was well enough beknown to all in Tregarrick, but didn't go down with His Majesty's advisers; while as for the Prince Regent, Dan'l couldn't get to see him till the Wednesday evening, and Hughie was to be hanged on the Friday, and then His Royal Highness spoke him neither soft nor hopeful.

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"The case was clear as God's daylight," said he, "the Lord Chief Justice tells me that the jury didn't even quit the box."

"Your Royal Highness must excuse me," said Dan'l, "but I never shall be able to respect that judge. My opinion of a judge is, he should be like a stickler and see fair play, but this here chap took sides against Hughie from the first. If I was you," he said, "I wouldn't trust him with a Petty Sessions."

Well, you may think how likely this kind of speech was to please the Prince Regent. And I've heard that Dan'l was in the very article of being pitched out, neck and crop, when he heard a regular caprouse start up in the antechamber behind him, and a lord in waiting, or whatever he's called, comes in and speaks a word very low to the Prince.

"Show him in at once," says he, dropping poor Dan'l's petition upon the table beside him; and in there walks a young officer with his boots soiled with riding, and the sea salt in his hair, like as if he'd just come off a ship, and hands the Prince a big letter. The Prince hardly cast his eye over what was written before he outs with a lusty hurrah, as well he might, for this was the first news of the taking of Saint Sebastian.

"Here's news," said he, "to fill the country with bonfires this night."

"Begging your Royal Highness' pardon," answered the officer, pulling out his watch, "but the mail coaches have left Saint Martin's Lane [that's where they started from, as I've heard tell] these twenty minutes."

"Perdition!" says Dan'l Best and the Prince Regent, both in one breath.

"Hullon! Be you here still?" says the Prince, turning sharp round at the sound of Dan'l's voice. "And what be you waiting for?"

"For my brother Hughie's reprieve," says Dan'l.

"Well, but 'tis too late now, anyway," says the Prince.

"I'll bet 'tis not," says Dan'l, "if you'll look slippy and make out the paper."

"You can't do it. 'Tis over two hundred and fifty miles, and you can't travel ten miles an hour all the way like a coach."

"It'll reach Tregarrick to-morrow night," said Dan'l, "an' they won't hang Hughie till seven in the morning. So I've an hour or two to spare, and being a postboy myself, I [illegible]pes."

[illegible] says His Royal Highness, "I'm in a very good temper because of this here glorious storming of Saint Sebastian. So I'll wager your brother's life you don't get there in time to stop the execution."

"Done with you, O King!" says Dan'l, and the reprieve was made out quick as lightning by the Prince Regent.

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Well, sir, Dan'l knew the ropes, as he said, and, moreover, I reckon there was a kind of Freemasonry among postboys, and the two together, taken with his knowledge of horseflesh, helped him down the road as never a man was helped before nor since. 'Twas striking nine at night when he started out of London with his reprieve in his pocket, and by half past five in the morning he sped Salisbury spire lifting out of the morning light. There was some hitch here—the first he met—in getting a relay, but by six he was off again, and passed through Exeter early in the afternoon. Down came a heavy rain as the evening drew in, and before he reached Okehampton the roads were like a bog. Here it was that the anguish began, and, of course, to Dan'l, who found himself for the first time sitting in the chaise instead of in the saddle, 'twas the deuce's own torment to hold himself still, feel the time slipping away, and not be riding and getting every ounce out of the beasts; though, even to his eye, the rider in front was no fool. But at Launceston soon after daybreak he met with a misfortune indeed. A lot of folks had driven down overnight to Tregarrick to witness the day's sad doings, and there wasn't a chaise in the town for love nor money.

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"What do I want with a chaise?" said Dan'l, for, of course, he was in his own country now, and everybody knew him. "For the love of God, give me a horse that'll take me into Tregarrick before seven and save Hughie's life! Man, I've got a reprieve!"

"Dear lad, is that so?" said the landlord, who had come down, and was standing by the hotel door in nightcap and bedgown. "I thought, maybe, you was hurrying to see the last of your brother. Well, there's but one horse left in the stable, and that's the gray your master sold me two months back, and he's a screw, as you must know. But here's the stable key. Run and take him out yourself, and God go with 'ee!"

None knew better than Dan'l that the gray was a screw. But he ran down to the stable, fetched the beast out, and didn't even wait to shift his halter for a bridle, but caught up the half of a broken mop handle that lay by the stable door, and with no better riding whip galloped off bareback down the road toward Tregarrick.

Aye, sir, and he almost won his race in spite of all. The hands of the town clock were close upon seven as he came galloping over the knap of the hill and saw the booths below him and sweet-stalls and standings—for on such days 'twas as good as a fair in Tregarrick—and the crowd under the prison wall. And there, above them, he could see the little open doorway in the wall, and one or two black figures there, and the beam. Just as he saw this the clock struck its first note, and Dan'l still riding like a madman let out a scream and waved the paper over his head; but the distance was too great. Seven times the clapper struck and with each stroke Dan'l screamed, still riding and keeping his eyes upon that little doorway. But a second or two after the last stroke he dropped his arm suddenly as if a bullet had gone through it, and screamed no more. Less than a minute after, sir, he pulled up by the bridge on the skirt of the crowd and looked round him with a strange, silly smile.

"Neighbors," says he, "I've a-got great news for ye. We've a-taken Saint Sebastian, and by all accounts the Frenchies'll be drove out of Spain in less'n a week."

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There was silence in Boutigo's van for a full minute; and then the old woman spoke in an impatient tone from the corner.

"Well, go on, Sam, and tell the finish to the company."

"Is there more to tell?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," says Sam, leaning forward again and tapping my knee very gently, "there were two men condemned at Tregarrick that Assize, and two men put to death that morning. The first to go was a sheep-stealer. Ten minutes after Dan'l saw Hughie, his brother, led forth; and stood there and watched, with the reprieve in his hand. His wits were gone, and he chit-chattered all the time about Saint Sebastian."

—From The Delectable Duchy. By "Q" (Published by Macmillan & Co.)

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Dainties of the Arctic

IN SPITE of the latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlew berry and bake apple in profusion, and upon the mainland, in the proper month—September—a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor, unequaled by the cultivated varieties, marsh berries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire tea berries, with a flavor like some rare perfume, and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squash berries, pear berries, and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Esquimaux, who prefer them to almost any other; and lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere else outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple. These cover the entire coast from the Saint Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hilltops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow when matured. Its taste is sweetly acid.—Outing.

Curiosities of the Bible

PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS

What is the middle chapter in the Bible?—Psalms cxvii.

What is the longest chapter in the Bible?—Psalms cxix.

What is the longest verse in the Bible?—See Esther viii: 9.

Who wore the first bridal veil?—Rebekah. Genesis xxiv: 64, 65.

Who offered the first recorded prayer?—Abraham. Genesis xxiv: 18.

Who was the first to weep?—Hagar, in the wilderness. Genesis xxi: 16.

Who was the first person to die a natural death?—Adam. Genesis v: 5.

Who said, "Be sure your sin will find you out"?—Moses. Numbers xxxii: 23.

By whom was the first land purchased?—Abraham. Genesis xxiii: 3, 4, 16, 18.

Who watched a woman's mouth to see if she was praying?—Eli. I Samuel i: 12.

What King feigned insanity in an enemy's country?—David. I Samuel xxi: 12, 13.

What is the shortest song in the Bible?—The song at the well. Numbers xxi: 17, 18.

What food was declared to have been eaten by travelers?—Angel's. Psalms lxxviii: 25.

Where in the Bible is the only reference to a ferry boat found?—See II Samuel xix: 18.

What army fled in confusion when none pursued?—Assyrian army. [illegible]

What verse in the Bible contains [illegible] letters of the alphabet except "[illegible]"?—Ezra vii: 2.

Who was very near being killed for eating a little honey?—Jonathan. I Samuel xiv: 24, 27, 43, 45.

Who was the first to commit suicide, and how?—Saul, by falling on his sword. I Samuel xxxi: 4.

What is the Bible's list of a lady's wardrobe?—Suits of apparel, rings, mantles, etc. Isaiah iii: 18, 23.

What is the shortest verse to be found in the Old Testament?—Eber, Peleg, Rew. I Chronicles i: 25.

Where is the first mention of a library? The house of the rolls, or books, the King's library. Ezra vi: 1.

What King is mentioned as having an iron bedstead of great size?—Og, King of Bashan. Deuteronomy iii: 11.

Where in the Bible do we find the mention of "boy" and "girl" in the same verse twice?—In Joel iii: 3.

What King of Israel was declared by his people to be worth ten thousand of them?—David. II Samuel xviii: 3.

Who erected the first monument to the memory of the dead?—Jacob, at the grave of Rachel. Genesis xxxv: 20.

Who in speaking of himself said, "Such a dead dog as I am"?—Mephibosheth, son of Jonathan. II Samuel ix: 8.

Who hanged himself when he saw his advice was not taken?—Ahithophel, David's counsellor. II Samuel xvii: 23.

Where is it recorded that a whole army was smitten with blindness?—The Syrian army at Dothan. II Kings vi: 18.

Who were the first women who demanded their rights?—Mahlah, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah and Tirzah. Numbers xxvii: 1, 4.

When and by whom were temperance societies first formed?—607 B. C., by children of Rechab. Jeremiah xxxv: 1, 11.

What child's mother, father, grandfather and uncle died about the same time?—The child Ichabod. I Samuel iv: 17, 22.

What was the weight of Absalom's annual growth of hair?—Two hundred shekels' weight (six pounds). II Samuel xiv: 26.

Who built a monument in the middle of the river, and why?—Joshua, in Jordan, as a memorial of God's deliverance. Joshua iv: 9.

Who is the only woman mentioned in the Old Testament whose age is given?—Sarah, one hundred and twenty seven years old. Genesis xxiii: 1.

What wicked King, while attempting to escape, became entangled among thorns and was captured?—Manasseh, King of Judah. II Chronicles xxxiii: 11.

What sentence composed of three words appears no less than twenty-five times in one book of the Bible, and forms the chief thought of it?—"All is vanity." Ecclesiastes.

After what great battle was it that the men of Judah were three days in carrying the spoils of their enemies?—After the fierce battle against the Moabites and Amorites. II Chronicles xx. 25.

Quote the exact words of the oldest letter recorded in the Scriptures?—"Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." II Samuel xi: 15.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Moon-Trail

By George Horton

THE moon-trail shineth across the sea,
And stretcheth off to a far countree
In the realms of the old romantic moon,
Where evening is morning, and midnight noon!
Then, lovers, away on the bright moon-trail,
Each happy two with a tiny sail,
In a silver waste with stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The great kind moon like a sphere of light
Swings down to the rim of the sea each night,
Finding ever some bark with a happy crew,
Bringing all the world though it brings but two.
Then, lovers, away on the bright moon-trail;
Soft breezes are sighing to fill your sail;
There are stars beneath and stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The moon-trail lighteth the sea of life
For lover and maiden, lover and wife,
And it's joy to sail down its shimmery way,
Just two together, forever and aye.
Then, lovers, away on the bright moon-trail,
Each happy twain with a tiny sail,
For there's naught so sweet in Heaven above,
Or the earth beneath, as to love and love.
—In Unknown Seas.

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The Origin of Visiting-Cards

AS IS the case in many other instances, we owe the invention of cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong Dynasty (618-907), visiting-cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silken cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement cards of that country. From very ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are very large, and usually of a bright red color. When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to the professional "matchmaker," who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's cards, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the date of his birth. If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, tied together with the red cords.

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The Costliest Bean on Earth

THE vanilla bean, the costliest bean on earth, flourishes in Mexico, chiefly in Papantla and Misantla. It grows wild, and is gathered and marketed by the natives. Just as they come from the forests the beans sell at ten or eleven dollars per thousand. After the beans are dried and cured they are worth from six to eleven dollars per pound, according to quality. Last year the vicinity of Papantla alone exported sixty million beans. They are used by druggists and confectioners, and are important in commerce.

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First Use of Punctuation

IT IS strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally used points only the period (.) dates earlier than the fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) some thirty-five years later, and the semicolon (;) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their lack must have added to the toil of the decipherer of written documents. When we remember what curious inversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma, we marvel how early authors contrived to escape strange misreadings of their works, in which no points were used.

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Insects that Swallow Fortunes

NO VERY recent estimates of the loss arising from insect ravages have been made, but some of the older estimates are here given. Twenty-five years ago B. D. Walsh, the entomologist of Illinois, estimated the loss from this source at from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000, per annum. Fitch, then from New York, an entomologist, estimated the damage to the wheat crop of that State in the year 1854 by the wheat-midge at $15,000,000. The loss to wheat and corn on account of the ravages of the chinch-bug, in the State of Illinois alone, in 1867 was estimated at $73,000,000. The loss occasioned in 1874 to corn, vegetables and other crops by the Rocky Mountain locust in the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri was estimated by Riley, from carefully collected data, at $100,000,000. The ravages of the cotton-worm in the principal cotton States have amounted to a loss of $30,000,000 in some years, while for many the average annual loss was not less than $15,000,000.

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The Vanity of Dummy Shoes

IT IS said that a coquettish trick prevails among the women at the seaside and watering-place hotels in Europe. They have extra sets of tiny boots and shoes made, not for wear, but to be left outside their bedroom doors. It seems that foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, are in the habit of scrutinizing closely the ladies' boots in the corridors of hotels. The furnishing of such tiny sets is a recognized part of the boot and shoe trade in Paris. It is also said that similar sets of very small boots, and shoes, and slippers are sold by the big shoe houses of Paris to be placed on exhibition with the bride's trousseau. The French bootmakers say that the Madrid ladies have the smallest feet, the Peruvian and Chilian ladies next. Ladies from the United States are also remarkable for their small feet. Russian ladies have heavy, splay feet. In Northern Europe the best-shaped feet are those of the women of Sweden. In Paris, the Jewesses are noted for their small feet, and are very particular about their *chaussure*. German women have large, flat feet, and English women are noted on the Continent for awkwardly-made boots and shoes. Dona Bertha, wife of Don Carlos, the Pretender, wears a five-and-a-half. Lady Malet, wife of the ambassador, has a phenomenally small foot.

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The Most Extensively Used Food

RICE is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people chiefly subsist on it, and its consumption is constantly increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and, in fact, of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Malay laborer gets through fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese or Siamese, forty-six pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations also chiefly obtain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of one hundred and fifty million gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water, forming more fat than muscle.

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The "Holy Lands" of All Religions

CHRISTIANS call Palestine the Holy Land because it was the birthplace of our religion, as well as that of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, whose birth, ministry and death occurred in the vicinity of Jerusalem. To the Mohammedans, Mecca, in Arabia, is the Holy Land, it being the nativity of Mohammed, the saviour of those who believe in his doctrine. India is the Holy Land of the Chinese and other Oriental Buddhists, it being the native land of Sakya-Muni, the supreme Buddha. Elis, one of the several divisions of the ancient Peloponnesus, was the Mecca and the Jerusalem of the ancient Greeks. The temple of Olympus Zeus was situated at Elis, and the sacred festivals were held there each year. With Achaia, it is at present a part of Greece. The believers in the Sinto religion make annual pilgrimages to Sitsa-Kara, the pillar where their supreme ruler last stood while talking to men.

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The Growth of Finger-Nails

IT HAS been computed that the average growth of the finger-nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends, to a great extent, upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness or of abstinence it is retarded. It is understood to go on faster in summer than in winter, and differs for different fingers, being most rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb according to one investigator, and in the little finger according to another.

The same two authorities, Bertholdi and Benham, differ, too, with regard to the equality of growth on both hands, the former holding that the nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left, but the latter can perceive no difference between them. According to the rate of growth stated, the average time taken for each finger-nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man of seventy would have renewed his nails one hundred and eighty-six times. Taking the length of each nail at half an inch, he would have grown seven feet nine inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of seventy-seven feet six inches.

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Marvels of Hydraulic Motors

THE effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief, says the Montreal Star. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of three hundred and seventy-five feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or one hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that, if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it, the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of two hundred feet. At two hundred feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with three-hundred-and-seventy-five-feet fall, projecting momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank, it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall, and be washed away in the sluices.

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Old Letters

By Norman Gale

LAST night some yellow letters fell
From out a scrip I found by chance;
Among them was the silent ghost,
The spirit of my first romance:
And in a faint blue envelope
A withered rose long lost to dew
Bore witness of the dashing days
When love was large and wits were few.

Yet standing there, all worn and gray,
The teardrops quivered in my eyes
To think of youth's unshaken trust,
The forehead lifted to the skies;
How tough a hill my eager feet
Flung backward when upon its crest
I saw the flutter of the lace
The wind awoke on Helen's breast!

How thornless were the roses then
When fresh young eyes and lips were kind,
When Cupid in our porches proved
How true the tale that Love is blind!
But Red-and-White and Poverty
Would only mate while shone the May;
Then came a bag of Golden Crowns
And jingled Red-and-White away.

Grown old and niggard of romance
I wince not much at aught askew,
And often ask my favorite cat
What else had Red-and-White to do?
And here's the bud that rose and sank
A crimson island on her breast—
Why should I burn it? Once again
Hide, rose, and dream. God send me rest.
—Orchard Songs (G. E. Putnam's Sons).

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A Beautiful Custom in Crete

ONE of the curious Cretan customs which prevail on the eve of every insurrection, says the Fortnightly Review, is known as adelphopolesis, or fraternization. One of its immediate results is the cessation of all feuds, enmity and rancor. It is carried out as follows: A number of individuals choose a young girl, who must be pretty—no difficult matter in Crete. They inform her parents of their intention, and the needful consent is never withheld. Then a priest is sent for and told to begin the ceremony. He takes a very long girdle and joins all the men with it in a circle, in the centre of which the young girl is placed. Then the clergyman recites a number of prayers and winds up by giving his benediction to all present. The moment he pronounces the last amen the circle and its centre stand in the relation of brothers and sister to each other to all religious and social intents and purposes. Each and every one of the males is bound in honor—and a Cretan knows no more sacred obligation—to protect that girl throughout her life, but none of them can ever take her for his wife. She is and remains their sister in the eyes of the priest and people to the end of her days. But they must also stand by and succor each other, and if needs be at the cost of life itself.

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How Worry Affects the Brain

MODERN science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, says a writer in Pharmaceutical Products, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, says an authority, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive centre of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disease, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and, as the dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a stop or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can be seen only under the microscope.

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The Resurrection Clock of India

MACHINERY is a monthly journal published at Johannesburg, South Africa. In a recent number is an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu Prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When two o'clock, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strike, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then the whole dozen fall to pieces as before.

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Rounder than Giotto's O

MOST newspaper readers, as well as collectors of quaint sayings, obscure phrases, etc., are familiar with the quotation, "Rounder than Giotto's O." It is doubtful, however, if a very large percentage of those familiar with the saying know anything at all concerning its origin. The following, says the Chicago Times-Herald, is given for the benefit of those who have never seen the explanation in print:

Giotto was a famous painter, sculptor and architect of the latter part of the thirteenth century. He was a son of a poor shepherd, but the attention of the great master, Cimabue, having been attracted to the boy by a drawing the lad had made on a fragment of slate, the young artist's fame spread rapidly throughout southern Europe. In those days it was customary for the Popes to send for the noted men of their realm, more for the purpose of gratifying their desire to see such celebrities than anything else. Giotto was no exception to the rule. No sooner had the young Tuscan become famous than Pope Boniface VIII invited him to Florence. When young Giotto arrived at the gates of the Pope's private grounds, according to the account, the guard halted him and inquired concerning his mission.

The artist made the matter plain, but the guard was not satisfied with the explanation, interrupting Giotto's explanatory remarks with "I know he must be a much larger and more distinguished-looking person than yourself, and Giotto is a famous painter; by your walk I would take you to be a shepherd." Finally, upon demanding evidence of the artist's skill, the latter stooped and traced a perfect O in the dust of the path with his finger. Any one who has ever attempted the feat of drawing a perfect circle "off hand" well knows how difficult it is. It is needless to add that the artist was forthwith ushered into the presence of the supreme pontiff, and that since that time "Rounder than Giotto's O" has been a favorite hyperbole to indicate a state of "impossible perfection."

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The Testimony of a Straw

IT IS said of the great Galileo—who had been accused of infidelity because he asserted that the earth went round the sun, in apparent contradiction to the language of Scripture—that, when questioned by the Roman Inquisition as to his belief in the Supreme Being, he pointed to a straw lying on the floor of his dungeon, saying to his accusers that, from the structure of that trifling object, he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator.

In the Children's World

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Sleep, Little Rosebud, Sleep

By Alfred Bryant

THE moon burns soft behind the hill;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
I hear the plaintive whippoorwill;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
Its throat is mellow with a lay,
I never knew before to-day;
I wonder what grieves its heart away.
The night winds rustle on the hill;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

The stars are sighing for the morn;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
The night another morn has borne;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
The stars gleam on another grave,
The dews another tombstone lave,
Where larkspur bloomed but yesterday;
The night hangs pressing on the morn;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

The winds have sobbed the stars to rest;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
The whippoorwill sleeps in its nest;
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.
Two little teeth begin to show,
Two little eyes give back the glow
That beamed on me one year ago.
Baby's sobs would break her rest.
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

* * *

The Experiment Joyce Made

By Helen Topliff

"DO YOU know, mother, I don't see what Mary McCurdy wants of two weeks' vacation, especially when she said she'd be back in one."

It was Joyce Farley who spoke as she lazily swung in the hammock. This, her favorite seat, hung at the south angle of the veranda. Around the posts clambered a slender woodbine, on which already autumn had begun to lay her carmine fingers.

"It seems to me," she went on, "as if the work in this house is not so very hard to do, mother. You put the washing and ironing out, and Bemis makes the kitchen fire, and we have not had any real visiting company since July. Seems as if she did not know how to economize her strength."

Truth to tell, Joyce Farley was rather disappointed to find that the servant, Mary McCurdy, wished to stay in Oakmere two weeks instead of one, and that the woman who came to help meanwhile could not remain the second week. This all meant work for her mother and herself, and although Joyce had been brought up sensibly by a sensible mother, and knew how things were made and done, yet like many another pretty, buoyant girl of sixteen, she preferred swinging in the hammock these delightful days to working for a few days in the kitchen.

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"Are you not a little severe on poor Mary?" her mother said, smiling at the serious little frown on the white brow.

"Perhaps I am," admitted Joyce, in a very unconvinced way, and closing her book with an unnecessary snap, "but it seems to me I could manage a little better. Mary doesn't have to hurry and get her dress changed after roasting over the dinner. She doesn't have to receive ceremonious callers, and tire herself out smiling at them. She isn't expected to do half the things you do, mother. She is a great, strong girl, and I guess she wants a vacation to have a good time in more than to get rested."

"You don't call yourself weak, do you, daughter?" said Doctor Farley over his journal, looking at Joyce, with her bright eyes and healthy coloring—a flattering testimonial to his profession.

"Why, father!" she laughed, "I am, as Mary says, 'as hearty as a trout.'"

"Well, now," said the Doctor, "what will you do Mary's work for this coming week, beginning to-morrow? How much does Mary have—three dollars?" turning to his wife, who nodded assent to his proposition. "Well, Joyce," after a moment, in which she seemed to be taking the idea in by degrees, "it may be establishing a bad precedent, but—come, I'll give you five dollars if you will do the week's work. See if you can show us how to economize strength."

Five dollars! Visions of a share in the new boat, so ardently wished for, came into Joyce's mind. Could she make the sacrifice for the money? It was certainly generous.

"What do you say, Joyce?" inquired her mother. "You can have the added privilege, after your work is done, of coming in the front of the house and occupying the easiest chair or the hammock. I would not restrict you to the kitchen chairs entirely."

"Wait, wait; let the child think," said the Doctor.

"No! I don't want to think—I'll do it! Why, certainly, I'll do it. Let me see the five dollars, father, dear," cried Joyce, jumping up and crossing toward her father. Putting a hand on each of his knees, she bent over anxiously as he brought forth his pocket-book.

"Here is a nice, new, crisp five-dollar-bill. But you can't have it now, daughter."

"No, but won't you put it where I can look at it for encouragement sometimes? Put it in the inside drawer of the desk, where I can go to it now and then, and I promise not to take it until I have earned it," bestowing a kiss on his forehead.

Bz-z-z! whir-r-r! bang!!! went the alarm at six, and up jumped our little maiden with a start. What could it mean? Why—oh, yes—why, certainly, and up she got, full of eagerness for her new enterprise.

"Let's see," she murmured, as she looked at a scrap of paper pinned on the wall, while combing the short curly hair—such a convenience for a servant—"what's for breakfast? Coffee, muffins, cream-fish and doughnuts; that's easy."

Downstairs she found Bemis coming in with his hod refilled.

"Mornin', miss; new work fur ye?"

"Getting up early is, Bemis. How are Mrs. Bemis and the boys?" she asked, as she tripped from the table to the pantry.

"Tolerbul, miss," then he hesitated. "Ye don't know's—ye don't think—perhaps you might want Galahad to come over arter dinner and clean yer knives and run steps fur ye? He'd be mighty tickled to help the party miss, as he calls ye."

Joyce's breakfast was pronounced good by the family, the only trouble being that the muffins were rather burned on one side; but Doctor Farley remarked that, of course, that was Bemis' fault, as he made the fire. It took more of a mishap than that to subdue Joyce, and she cleared the table and washed the dishes with a little song on her lips, while Mrs. Farley took charge of the front part of the house.

"This is the day to sweep the library," she called to Joyce as she went upstairs.

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So after the kitchen and dining-room were swept and dusted, the boiler and kettle filled, and the lamps trimmed, Joyce tied an old silk handkerchief over her head, and, broom in hand, started for the library. Her father met her in the hall.

"Give us a kiss, Gypsy. That headgear is really more becoming than the blue lawn."

She found her mother had moved the furniture into the hall, and was a little sorry to think she had aided her.

"I wanted to do every single thing," was her inward comment.

After the library, there was her own room to care for, then it was time to think about dinner. She went downstairs where her mother sat sewing, and flung herself into a big chair to look over the morning paper, and she found it really seemed good to sit down for a few minutes.

The meals at the Farleys' being planned the day before, Joyce had only the preparing to attend to, but she could supplement with whatever she wished.

"Where's your big cook-book, mother, dear? I can never remember how long to cook beets and things; nothing but potatoes, and those you leave in until they are done, as Mary says," laughed she.

"We have the cold roast to-day, so you have ample time to turn your attention to vegetables," said Mrs. Farley, pointing to the book on the shelf.

Galahad put in his appearance full promptly—a little, undersized child, whose name and two front teeth were the greater part of him. He was as handy about the house as a girl, for, indeed, he had been "nurse girl" to the five younger boys.

He rubbed the knives, ran up and down cellar, swept the verandas, hung the towels on the line like an adept, and came smiling back to her for more "chaws," as he called them. And he went home with a penny in his pocket, the cold muffins in his basket, and a glad spot in his little heart, for Joyce had asked him to come to-morrow.

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It was not until she sat down at her desk to her diary that evening, that Joyce looked at her wages.

"I have been so busy, mother," she exclaimed, "that though I did not actually forget my money, I did not really find time to look at it. But then I knew it was there!"

Joyce knew what the alarm meant on Friday morning, and took affairs less excitedly as she prepared to descend.

"I suppose you will make cake for the sociable, daughter," said her mother after breakfast. "Make it simple and light. Shall I beat the butter and sugar while you are finishing up your work?"

"No, mother, I want to do everything myself, and earn my money."

However, about noon Mrs. Farley came out to see about the fish for dinner.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Joyce, a trifle fretfully, "didn't I say I wanted to do it all, just as Mary McCurdy does?"

"I know, child, but even Mary McCurdy does not bake halibut and cream without your mother overseeing it. I always want a servant who is willing to have me in the kitchen," patting her daughter's shoulder.

Joyce looked a little ruefully at the fish, nicely washed, and at the book on the table.

"A little experience," Mrs. Farley added, "is worth a score of the best receipts. You prepare all the other dishes and watch me do this, and we will call it your dinner."

After all was done that afternoon, and Joyce had changed her dress, she went into the library, sat down by the desk and opened the drawer where her reward lay. After sitting perfectly still for some minutes thinking deeply—her eyes on the money—she suddenly arose, shut the drawer, closed the desk and said aloud:

"Yes! it's worth working for."

Then walking slowly to the veranda she threw herself in the hammock and fell fast asleep. She was awakened by her mother's call to prepare for the sociable.

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Saturday morning, after breakfast, Joyce, looking from the window, beheld Sarah Bemis coming through the back gate with Galahad.

"Mother," she called, "what is Sarah coming for, do you suppose? and Galahad, too?"

"I asked her yesterday," said Mrs. Farley, rather evasively, "to come and wash up the floors. She needed the work, and besides," she added, less constrainedly, "there's enough for you to do, as I want extra cooking to-day. You and I will do that together, as Mary and I often do on Saturdays."

Joyce did not say much about the floors. I think, however, she saw a little into her mother's thoughtfulness for her, and on the whole, she had rather cook than scrub.

"Galahad can chop some kindlings and fill all the wood-boxes, and then rake the walks," said Mrs. Farley, as the two appeared; "and Sarah, you can make our floors shine."

Such a tempting array of viands as were arranged in the pantry that noon! The simple Saturday's dinner—a lemon and apple pie, cookies, tapioca cream—the clear soup and boiled chicken for to-morrow's dinner.

Joyce had stolen in during the baking period and bestowed a pat on her wages, and when Amy Ladd came that afternoon to take her to drive, she could not refrain from telling her the agreement, and how she had progressed in it.

Sunday the sun rose in a cloudless sky. The September haze on the distant hills increased their loveliness. There was not a touch of autumn to be felt, although it was cool. A perfect day—Joyce woke at the usual time from habit; then sleepily remembered she had another hour of rest. So turning, she was soon again lost in dreams. Some time later she awoke with a start. Noises downstairs caused her to dress hurriedly. As she came into the dining-room she smelled coffee.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Farley, as her daughter came into the kitchen. "There is plenty to do. You could not tell when your extra allowance was up if you were asleep, could you? Now, bring in the baked beans and corn-cake."

How well mother understood it, and how good she was! Doctor Farley gave her a hearty kiss as usual, and Joyce soon forgot her humiliation in the breakfast talk.

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"My other maid," said Mrs. Farley, as she rose from the table, "usually stays at home Sunday forenoons, and then, after dinner, has the rest of the day out for Sunday-school and evening service. Will this plan suit our new one?"

And Joyce did just the necessary things, and prepared the dinner, then sat down to her Sunday-school lesson, before her father and mother returned from church. The little cloud of the morning was forgotten, and the peacefulness of the day filled Joyce with a delicious quiet, as, after Sunday-school, she sat in her hammock and read Ben Hur. And when that night at bedtime she looked out on the quiet river and at the stars, she wondered at herself for being so happy.

But Monday was destined to be not altogether as peaceful. In the first place, it rained steadily. Then Joyce overslept half an hour, making the breakfast and all the work behindhand. Although Doctor Farley said nothing, he wished particularly to be prompt on Monday mornings, and his daughter imagined that he was more absorbed in his paper and had less to say than usual. She had planned buckwheat cakes, but those had to be given up, and eggs and oatmeal were brought to the rescue.

Beside the regular morning work, the sitting-room and her room had to be swept. Joyce went at the duty with a pucker in her forehead—a bad thing to commence the week with. Her replies to her mother were rather short, though not disrespectful.

"Lamb chops to-day, dear. Perhaps I had——"

"No, mother, I can do these, they are easy enough."

"Very well," came the quiet answer, "if I cannot help, I will step over to the Bemis' and see about the wash."

Joyce, left to herself, went hither and thither with a determined step—pucker still visible. She beat the rugs with a vengeance, shook draperies almost to their destruction, set chairs back with a jerk, banged the blinds to, and when all was done, shut the door with a slam and came out into the kitchen.

"I am tired of this old place," she muttered; "nothing but run up and down the cellar stairs, out into the shed, into the dining-room, peel potatoes, onions and turnips, put 'em on, take 'em off, wash dishes and pans and spoons. I should think the old things would get tired of being washed three times a day. I confess I do, if they don't."

There were tears in the brown eyes, but she brushed them resolutely away and went on preparing for dinner. The chops she had seen her mother dip in beaten eggs and crumbs, and put in the oven to cook, instead of on the top of the stove.

"I never know how long to cook things," she said dejectedly, but she put them in and closed the door emphatically.

Mrs. Farley came in just as dinner ought to have been ready for the table. She stepped into the kitchen. It was empty. On the floor lay one of her platters in a score of pieces. The oven door was open, a pan halfway out, and in it half a dozen of the dryest, smokiest, most uneatable chops one ever saw. A strong odor also warned her the potatoes were boiling dry, and she hastened to remove them.

Then Mrs. Farley sought Joyce. She found her with her head buried in her hands on the desk—the little drawer with her wages in it open on her left. Coming softly behind, Mrs. Farley put her soft hand on the brown curls.

"Never mind, pet; it might have been so much worse."

"Ta-take the money, I-I'm not worth it," came the answer between the sobs.

"Let it be, Joyce," and in a few moments, with kind reasoning and counsel, she persuaded her child to raise her head and take a less cloudy view of things.

"Now, run upstairs," she said at length, "and bathe those red eyes before papa comes."

"This is a capital dinner," remarked Doctor Farley, with seeming unconsciousness, "your clear soup is 'just lovely,' and I am great on chicken bones."

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Joyce looked gratefully at her mother.

"I-I don't think I will go to the 'Bee' this afternoon," said she later, reluctantly.

"Very well, you would get damp in all this rain, and I want company, also."

There were no more serious mishaps, fortunately, on Tuesday morning. Our little heroine would have been totally disabled had the Fates proved as unpropitious as on the preceding day. But the sun shone, and Joyce, after a long night's rest, went about her work in her usual spirits, with a song.

It was after dinner, and she was cutting out some biscuits for tea, when she heard some one enter the kitchen.

"Why, Mary McCurdy!" she cried the next instant, and around Mary's neck went the small floury hands and arms, much to the detriment of Mary's dress.

"Get along wid yez, choild, a-spiling the beautiful black of me gownd. I stayed away as long as iver I could, and now I am glad to be back wid yez."

"But, father," said honest Joyce that evening, "it hasn't been a whole week, and I'm afraid I really ought not to have it all," with a wistful glance at the bill in his hand.

"You could not help Mary's coming back, could you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I guess you are entitled to it; besides I could never stop to reckon a fractional amount, so go buy your share in the 'White Heron.' Only tell me one thing, daughter, have you learned to economize your strength?"

"Don't make sport of me," laughed Joyce, coloring; "but I'll tell you right here, father, dear, that it is a lot different doing work one day at a time, with mother to help, than it is to do it straight along; and if I was Mary McCurdy, I should strike for five dollars a week at the very least."

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Feeding the Big Alligator

"THE big alligator in our menagerie," the old circus man said, "didn't always take his feed very well. Sometimes he wouldn't open his mouth at feeding time, and then we had to resort to strategy. Alligators are very sensitive about the nose. When this alligator wouldn't open his mouth, we used to rub the top of his nose very gently. That always made him mad, and he'd throw back his upper jaw like a cellar door on hinges. Then we'd throw a chunk of beef, maybe five pounds or so, down his throat, and down would come the cellar door shut again, and he would swallow the beef. In that way we used to give him about twenty-five pounds of beef at a feeding without much difficulty.

"The old alligator was very fond of flies. You might think a fly would be pretty small game for a twelve-foot alligator, and one fly would be. But this old alligator would throw his upper jaw back and go to sleep apparently. Flies would light around inside the alligator's mouth just the same as they would anywhere outdoors, and when there were about a million there the alligator would shut his upper jaw down with the flies inside. Soon he'd throw the cellar door back and set the trap again."—New York Sun.

Lucky Hits on the Stage

THE FORTUNATE TOUCH OF CHANCE

AN AUDIENCE sits in a theatre at the production of a new play. Before the first act is half over people are saying to themselves: "What rubbish! I could have told this manager at the first rehearsal that this play would produce a frost." The manager probably knew before the first act was one-fourth over that the play was a failure, but there was never a moment before the curtain went up on the first performance that he could have foretold with any degree of certainty the fate of the play. The man who really knows it all beforehand is unknown in theatrical circles. It is one of the most remarkable features of theatrical life that the fate of a play, no matter to what class of production it belongs nor how experienced the manager may be, can never be foretold before the curtain has risen on the first performance. If there is anywhere in the world a man who can tell from the rehearsals of a play whether it is going to be a success or not he had better walk into any large New York theatre and offer his services. He could find a permanent engagement at at least $50,000 a year, for he would certainly be worth that to any manager.

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"Why," said Joseph Jefferson, "before I produced 'Rip Van Winkle' I hadn't the faintest idea how it would go. It has been a remarkable success, but it might have been an utter failure for all I could tell beforehand."

Lester Wallack, after twenty years' management, said he had concluded that no living man could judge whether or not any play would please the public; there was nothing to do but "try it on."

Talking recently with Mr. Mansfield of unexpected and purely accidental hits, he told that they were delightful, but unexpected hits could be matched with unexpected failures. He had expected to make a great success with Nero, which he brought out on a lavish scale, but the public refused it. He said: "It was not that it made no effect on the audience, but that it practically drew no audience to speak of—even on the first night. They simply would not come near it. Somehow or other, even the subject didn't seem to attract, and upon those few who were there the grim humor of the character made no impression at all.

"On the other hand, I made a hit in the most unexpected way in Castle Sombras. We rehearsed that play as a melodrama, I playing the part of a deep, dark villain. My first remark as I came upon the stage, intended to be seriously taken, was greeted with laughter. I was almost dumfounded, but I at once adapted myself to the situation. I knew it would be fatal to attempt to act that play seriously, and, taking my cue from the audience, I instantly changed my whole conception of the character and played it on the lines of comedy.

"In the blindfolded duel scene, in which the heroine lures one of the duelists out of one door and the second duelist out of another, we had rehearsed what we supposed would be a finely impressive situation. The audience greeted it with roars of laughter. Mrs. Mansfield was simply in tears, supposing that the whole production was a failure. But I said to her, 'Oh, no; it's all right. A silent audience is fatal. So long as they laugh we're a success.'

"And do you know, at that moment of transition, when at a hint from the audience I changed my whole conception of the character, I was really immensely tickled. Of course, an actor could never make a change like that on the spur of the moment, or have the presence of mind to do it, if he were not absolutely perfect in his lines. And it is in order to take advantage of a sudden emergency that an actor should learn his rôles so perfectly that he could almost repeat them word for word in his sleep.

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Mr. Burnham, of Wallack's, says that when he had J. K. Emmett in Europe he was playing the Dutch emigrant version of Fritz in Dublin. "It had gone well everywhere else, but the first act had nearly passed. Emmett had run out all the lines which he had in reserve for emergencies, and he hadn't got a smile. Finally a man in the pit turned to his neighbor and said, 'Pat, what the devil is he trying to get through with himself, anyhow?' Without losing his presence of mind, Emmett looked at the man and said: 'That's just it, Pat; what's the use of it all, anyhow?' That simple remark, for some inexplicable reason, created a perfect roar throughout the house, and from that moment Emmett had the audience with him and became a Dublin favorite."

"Accidental hits!" exclaimed Charles E. Hoyt recently. "Why, it's to get those that we take a piece to a 'dog town' before we try it on New York. I had a most curious experience with A Hole in the Ground. In the dog town performance the end of the second act, which I had written confident that it was all right and that it would cause the curtain to fall amid shrieks of laughter, passed off in dead silence. Before we had left the dog town I had written and tried half a dozen endings, and not one of them went well until, by some unexpected impulse, I changed the entrance for one of the characters who comes on at that moment from one side of the stage to the other. The curtain went down amid shrieks of laughter. But it would be impossible for me to explain to you why that simple change should have had that effect, for, according to my notions, the other entrance was the funnier.

"In A Stranger in New York I have been found fault with for dragging in a pathetic line in the midst of low comedy surroundings. It's the line, 'I can't run a flat on the income of a two-cent postage stamp.' That's a joke on me, for I meant that line to be very funny. It's curious how impossible it is to tell in what way the public is going to take your efforts; it may cry over your jokes and laugh at the merry humor of your pathetic scenes."

"If an opportunity comes to you," said Francis Wilson, "stick a pin in it. When you have studied a part, you've simply got a plowed field, and you don't know what's going to grow up in it. At the first performance of The Goblins, when I came on in a suit of armor I accidentally tripped and fell. Owing to the armor my efforts to get to my feet were probably very awkward. Anyhow, the audience simply shrieked. I believe to this day that lucky accident largely helped toward the success of the piece.

"In The Devil's Deputy, in the second act, I am asked, 'Do you sing?' The answer in the original was a simple affirmative. But one night I said, 'I only live to sing.' The audience laughed. At several points during the performance I repeated that remark in a perfectly off-hand and haphazard way, and each time I did so I got a louder laugh. When I got home that night I sat down for an hour thinking out the exact points at which I had made that remark, for I wanted to pin it fast. I thus secured, by a mere momentary impulse, seven new and wholly unprepared outbursts of laughter."

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Earnings of Great Authors

BUSINESS SIDE OF GENIUS

By William Mathews

WHENCE came the notion, so consoling to dunces, that the passion for and pursuit of literature as a calling disqualifies a man for business? By many of the "practical" men, so called, of every age, and by all the blockheads, a high degree of imaginative power is looked upon as an infirmity, unfitting its possessor for the rough concerns of life. A man of genius, says Mr. Mathews in the new monthly called Success, is supposed to be visionary, dreamy, over-enthusiastic, and unpractical, ignorant of the proper use of money, utterly incompetent to invest it safely and profitably, stumbling about the world with his head in the clouds, and almost needing a guardian to keep him from insolvency and the poorhouse. Yet the biographies of literary men, during the last hundred years, show that, as a class, they manifest in their private affairs a business tact and energy, a practical knowledge, and a thrift fully equal to that of men in other callings, and often superior to that of the double-chinned wiseacres who underrate them.

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Voltaire, the most potent and famous literary man of the eighteenth century, gave but a fraction of his time to business, yet few men who have devoted all their energies to it have shown a greater capacity for financial pursuits. At fifty years of age he had acquired an income of $50,000 a year—equal, probably, to $100,000 to-day. The bulk of his fortune was gained by shrewd commercial speculations, such as the commerce with Cadiz and the traffic in Barbary corn. He also acquired an interest in a contract for provisioning the French army in Italy, during the Italian war of 1733, from which he realized a profit of $150,000. His subsequent investments were so profitable, in annuities, loans and mortgages, that he lived and died an eminently rich man, and was altogether independent of the profits of his voluminous writings (seventy octavo volumes), of the proceeds of which he appears always to have been careless. "In France," said he, "every man must be anvil or hammer, and I was born the latter." It is a signal proof of Voltaire's financial sagacity that, in his fiery youth, with all his eagerness for acquisition, he never for a moment was the dupe, as half of his countrymen were, of Law's paper system or of his Mississippi bubble. "Have you really all gone mad in Paris?" he wrote to a friend. "I hear no talk but of millions. Has half the nation found the philosopher's stone in the paper mills?"

Shakespeare, the greatest of all the poetic geniuses, who was "of imagination all compact," and who, therefore, according to the popular notion, should have been a veritable babe in business, had, in fact, a keen eye for "the main chance" and retired early to his native place with a fortune of $35,000, a sum equal to more than four times that amount to-day. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was in early life a soldier, and afterward a successful commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Milton, during the Commonwealth, was secretary to the Council of State, and manifested the highest energy in discharging the duties of that office. Spenser, who lived in his leisure hours in a fairy-land, was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and was shrewd and successful in the management of affairs. "Paper-sparing" Pope won wealth by his pen, and was thrifty to penuriousness. Izaak Walton was a successful linen-draper in London, and Samuel Richardson sold in his front shop the novels which he wrote in his back shop in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street.

Did not Wordsworth as a distributor of stamps, and Sir Walter Scott as clerk to the Court of Sessions, unite a genius for poetry with punctual and practical habits as men of business? Did not that profound thinker, John Stuart Mill, retire from the Examiner's department of the East India Company with the admiration of his colleagues for the signal ability with which he had conducted the business of the department?

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Were not Ricardo, the expounder of a new theory in political economy; Roscoe, the biographer of the Medici; Rogers, the poet of Italy and Memory; Grote, the profoundest historian of Greece, and Samuel Bailey, of Sheffield, author of the thought-provoking Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and other works on political economy, ethics and literature—all distinguished as bankers, not less than in literature? Was not Horace Smith, the poet and novelist, author of the Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, and the exquisite Hymn to the Flowers—"The only truly generous person I ever knew," says Shelley, "who had money to be generous with"—was he not a successful stock jobber? It must be confessed that in one of his dealings with those men who are said to drink their wine out of authors' skulls he was preëminently unpractical, judged by the standard of the money-grubber of to-day. When Colburn, the celebrated London publisher, had agreed to give him twenty-five hundred dollars for the first novel he wrote, and had announced its appearance, a common friend, who looked over the manuscript, expressed an unfavorable opinion of it, upon which the author threw it into the fire and wrote Brambletye House instead. Yet he lost nothing by this noble act, for upon the unexpected success of that novel Colburn subsequently presented him with five hundred dollars.

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Ebenezer Elliott, the vigorous lyrist of Sheffield, was a successful bar-iron merchant; "Barry Cornwall" was an able barrister and commissioner in lunacy. Niebuhr, who revolutionized the early Roman history, was a most successful man of business, as he showed when chosen by the government of Denmark to manage that nation's finances, and afterward when made a joint director of the Bank of Berlin. Bulwer, who has written a wise and eminently practical essay on The Management of Money (in his Caxtoniana); Dickens; Anthony Trollope, who earned $300,000 by his pen; Samuel Warren, author of Ten Thousand a Year, and a brilliant work on the study of law, all showed their ability not only to earn money, but to invest and to spend it wisely.

Tennyson was so far from betraying any lack of capacity for business that he drove always a pretty hard bargain with his publisher. In our own country, Cooper, the novelist; Bryant, the poet, and editor and publisher of the New York Evening Post; Bancroft, Motley, Holmes, Prescott, Parkman, the Careys (Alice and Phœbe), and scores of other authors who might be named, have shown themselves abundantly able, not only to earn money, but to take care of their earnings. Ralph Waldo Emerson, that Yankee-Greek, a cross between Franklin and Plato, once declared the attempt to drive along the plane of the ecliptic with one horse of the heavens and one of the earth, to be the tragedy of genius, ending only in discord, and ruin, and downfall to chariot and charioteer. Yet he himself seems to have performed that feat successfully. In his business transactions he rivaled Mayor Whittington and his cat—getting treble pay for his essays, first as lectures, then as articles in the Atlantic, and finally as books.

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Prize Definitions of Home

A PRIZE was offered recently by a paper for the best answer to the question: "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received: Home is the blossom, of which Heaven is the fruit. A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is mother. The only spot on earth where faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity. The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great. The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Strange Race with a Maniac

THE END OF AN ADVENTURE

"HAVE you ever been so scared that you dried up inside; so scared that you couldn't utter a word; that your skin burned; that your heart stopped; you choked, and your hair crept over your scalp? Ah, that's what it is to be really frightened. And you don't get over it in a day, either."

That's what the quiet little man said. We had been talking of the sensations of a man when he is attacked by a footpad or when he awakes to find a burglar in his room. The sensations of the coward were also discussed, and the exquisite pleasure of fear, as described by Robert Louis Stevenson in The Suicide Club, was lightly considered by those present.

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"Were you ever so frightened?" some one asked the long, thin man.

"I was, and I have never fully recovered from it," he answered. "It was a curious experience, and, although it was, in a measure, ludicrous, it had an awful terror for me. I lived in the country, a few miles from a town in Kentucky, and a mile beyond the asylum for the insane. I was in business in the town, and used to walk back and forth between my house and my store for exercise. I had moved from the town for that purpose. I had to pass the asylum night and morning by a path that followed the high stone wall that inclosed the asylum grounds.

"One of the most violent and dangerous inmates of the asylum was a lawyer of the name of Birch—a powerful man physically and hopelessly insane. He had a mania for tearing his clothes from his body, and would rend the stoutest cloth into shreds. In his attempts to escape he had gnawed to pieces with his teeth the window-sill of his cell, much as a horse gnaws his manger. But he had never managed to escape, and, although we in the town heard of his desperation, no one feared that he would ever get out.

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"One evening about dusk I was trudging along the path beside the asylum wall on my way home to supper. The exercise had warmed me up, for I was chilly, and I was feeling cheerful. I whistled as I went. Suddenly I heard a rattle in the bare branches of a tree that grew inside the asylum grounds and hung over the wall. I was startled and looked up. Above me on the wall was a white, ghostly figure. The next instant it came hurling down through the air toward me. I saw that it was a naked man of huge proportions. In terror I turned and ran. By the time the naked man had gathered himself after alighting, I was twenty-five feet up the path, running like a scared coyote.

"As soon as I could gather my senses I knew that it was Birch; that he had torn his clothes off and had escaped. I knew of his violence and desperation, and that if he caught me he would strangle me with one twist of his hand, and then—but the thought spurred me to additional effort, and I ran with such speed as I never thought myself capable of. A few months of walking had hardened me so that I was in good condition, but I was hampered by my overcoat.

"As I ran I could hear behind me the pat-pat of the maniac's bare feet on the hard path. He was gaining on me very slowly. I tried to estimate how soon he would catch up with me if he continued to so gain. I was becoming winded, and my efforts to relieve myself of my overcoat lost me about three feet.

"I could hear the heavy breathing of the maniac and the occasional gnashing of his teeth. It was awful. We had long since passed the asylum grounds, and were now running in the uneven road. Far ahead I could see the lights in the windows of my house. My grounds were surrounded by a high stone wall, in which there was a door. If I could reach this and get through I might be able to leave my pursuer for a few moments on the outside until I could get help.

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"I could hear the panting of the maniac coming nearer and nearer. Once I looked hastily over my shoulder. He was not over five feet away, and his glaring eyes and open, gaping mouth terrified me so that I nearly fell. I was rapidly growing exhausted. I doubted if I could reach the door in the stone wall.

"The panting was now close to me. I imagined I could feel the breath of the madman on my neck, and shrank forward to avoid the heavy hand I momentarily expected to drop on my shoulder.

"At last we reached the end of the stone wall. I could go no farther. I threw myself at the wall, turning in the air and backing against it, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. On rushed the maniac. He was close to me. He reached out his powerful hand. It tapped me on the shoulder.

"'Tag! You're it!' he shouted. 'Now catch me.' And he bounded off swiftly in the darkness.

"Three days afterward they caught him in the next county, where the entire population was hunting him for a wild man. I had about recovered from my fright when they brought him back, but my heart's been weak ever since."—Kansas City Times.

The Rise of a Millionaire

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S EARLY STRUGGLES

"WHO is the poorest man in the world to-day? The poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money—nothing else in the world but money—only money."

As told in the New York Herald, it was a man with iron-gray hair and an iron-gray mustache who spoke the words, and he repeated the last ones with emotion. The man who spoke has endowed the University of Chicago with millions upon millions of dollars. He is John D. Rockefeller, who on a recent night addressed a young men's Bible class in New York.

Mr. Rockefeller held in his hands a cheap-looking little yellow-backed account-book.

"This is my ledger," he said. "My first business training was in keeping a ledger. It was at the time when I began to spend my first earnings in my first struggle to get a footing. It was a very hard struggle. When I put my head on my pillow the contents of this ledger then kept running in my mind until I awakened the next morning.

"Besides the accounts I kept in this book there were memoranda of occurrences. In after years I found it. I kept it more than forty-two years ago. In deciphering some writing on the back of it here, I see that I called it 'Ledger A.' I place a great deal of value upon this little book."

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Mr. Rockefeller's hands trembled as he turned the pages of the little volume which he had taken from a big envelope in his inside pocket.

"It was important to me to be particular at that time about items of receipts and disbursements," he continued. "I hope you young men are all careful. I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can, get it fairly, religiously and honestly—and give away all you can. I would not dare to let you read this book. My children read it, and said that I didn't spell toothbrush correctly. I haven't seen this book for twenty-five years. You couldn't get it from me for all the modern ledgers in New York and what they all would bring in.

"It reports what I received and paid out for several years. Here is an item:

Income from December 26, 1855, to January 26, 1856	$30

"And I lived within my income. Out of that I paid my washerwoman, and the lady with whom I boarded, and I saved a little and put it away.

"I see that I paid in the Sunday-school every Sunday one cent. It was all I had to give. I had a large increase in revenue the next year. It was increased twenty-five dollars a month. I was as independent in those days as Mr. Astor. But when I got that increase I felt guilty. I felt like a criminal—like a capitalist. We had no trusts nor capitalists in those days. I remember the clothes I bought. I didn't patronize a fashionable tailor. I bought my clothes from a cheap clothier. The clothes were good, and such as I could pay for. Let me give you all a word of advice: 'Always live within your means.'"

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Curiosity prompted Mr. Rockefeller here to ask all those to raise their hands who had come to New York from the country. Nine-tenths of the young men raised their hands, to the evident pleasure of the speaker.

"City men haven't had the struggles we had who came from the country," he said. "Two days ago I had a talk with a carpenter who was going to make a building comfortable where help were going to sleep. There were two big spaces which he closed with mineral wool, so the damp wouldn't come in, he said. Then on the next floor he showed me two spaces he was also going to close with wool. 'So that,' as he expressed it, 'the sleeper there, a houseman, would not have to hear the rain drops fall upon the roof.'"

This seemed to afford Mr. Rockefeller infinite amusement.

"Why," he said, "the carpenter's suggestion made me think of my own experiences when sleeping under the roof. I know that I heard the rain fall, and when I looked up I could see the shingles, and, in one place, a big crack, through which the sky was visible. It was pretty hot there in summer, but I preferred summer on the whole.

"I think I was better for that sort of experience, and my head is full of sadness as I contemplate the condition of a number of young fellows that I know in this city. Their fathers have plenty of money, but the boys have not the ghost of a chance in competing with you who came from the country. They'll go down and you'll take their places.

"What is success? Is it to get money? Well, is that success? The poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money. If I had my choice to-day I'd be a man with little or nothing but a purpose in life. It's not the money itself that is so miserable. Money is good if you know how to use it. Let me give you a little word of counsel. Know just what you receive and how you spend it. Write down just what you do with it, and don't be ashamed to let your fathers and mothers see what you have written down.

"In a year or two I managed to save nearly one thousand dollars. Here is an item as to clothes. My clothing from November, 1855, to November, 1856, cost me just nine dollars and nine cents. Here is one bit of extravagance which had quite escaped my memory: 'Pair of fur gloves, two dollars.' Here are other items:

Mittens	3 shillings
Given away	$5.58
Missionary cause, November 25	.15
Ministerial student	.10
Night Society	.75
Sabbath-school	.05
Present to Sabbath-school superintendent	.25

"I was living in Cleveland then, and I must have felt sorry for New York. Here is an item: 'Five Points Mission, twelve cents.'

"We had a little paper published by the Sunday-school called the Macedonian. I subscribed to that. There was a venerable teacher of my class, a Scotchman, and a great Bible student. He is down for twenty-five cents.

"All these little things helped me to come into sympathy with many undertakings, both religious and philanthropic. My opinion is that no man can trust himself to wait until he has accumulated a great fortune before he is charitable. He must give away some money continually."

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How I was Made a Knight

THE FIRST STEP IN NOBILITY

By Sir Richard Tangye, F. R. G. S.

FROM time immemorial sovereigns of England have been accustomed to receive into their presence certain of their subjects who have rendered more or less distinguished public services, for the purpose of conferring the ancient and honorable order of knighthood upon them.

I do not remember ever seeing any detailed account of this ceremony, and so, by the favor of the editor of Chambers's Journal, I am permitted to give an account of my own experiences at Windsor, premising that it was written originally for the benefit of my grandchildren.

Every one knows that the intimation of the intended honor usually comes from the Prime Minister, who briefly states the grounds upon which it is proposed to confer it. In my case Lord Rosebery was good enough to indicate the services I had rendered the cause of art education in Birmingham as a reason why I should accept the distinction.

Having accepted it, I received an intimation from the Home Secretary that I was expected at Windsor on the eighteenth of July, 1894, by the one o'clock train from Paddington, and that special carriages had been reserved for the use of those who, like myself, were going down to be knighted. Arriving at Paddington in good time I took the Windsor train.

At Windsor Station we found carriages awaiting us, and were soon on our way to the Castle, being set down at a principal entrance. There was no one to receive us, and no response to the bell-pulling, so we ventured to open the door, and entered uninvited; still no one came to us, so we divested ourselves of our overcoats and hats, and became quite at home until we should be discovered. Presently a very fine specimen of the "gentleman's gentleman" came rapidly down a staircase, saying, in a rather haughty manner, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is not the way in!" But we were in, and did not offer to go out again, so he took us along a gallery to another entrance hall, where we left hats, etc. Then we were taken through some more galleries, in one of which I met Lord Rosebery, to whom I had previously been introduced. After a little chat I amused Lord Rosebery by telling him that my daughter had informed me that I reminded her of the longest day, because I was the shortest knight! (You know, I am not tall.) He said it was very good, and at the same time very bad of her.

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Presently we were summoned to luncheon, which was laid in one of the galleries and served on silver plates. It was a very nice cold collation, ending with an excellent hot rice pudding and dessert. A gentleman sitting next me had evidently formed extravagant ideas of what Royal grapes should be, for he said, in somewhat grumbling tones, that he grew better at home!

After luncheon we were marshaled in a room adjoining the Queen's small audience chamber, and were then given a few instructions as to the order of proceeding. But before going down to Windsor I had taken the precaution to interview a gentleman who had already gone through the ordeal, and so was quite prepared for it.

Her Majesty being now ready to receive us, we were ushered into her presence one at a time. My turn was the twelfth; hence one of my friends has dubbed me Twelfth Knight. The equerry took me to the door of the apartment, and then left me. It was a lofty room, but not very large, being perhaps forty feet long and of a corresponding width. The Queen was seated on a very low seat at the end of the apartment opposite the door; behind her the ladies-in-waiting were arranged in a semi-circle, some of the princesses being on her left, and the lords-in-waiting and Duke of York on her right hand.

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On entering I made my best bow, and, advancing a few steps, stopped, and bowed again, when I was introduced to Her Majesty (my name being wrongly pronounced); another bow on closely approaching her, and then dropping on my left knee, I extended the right hand, back uppermost—for the Queen has a great objection to moist palms. The Queen then laid her right hand—a very little, plump one—upon mine, and I kissed it.

Then she took a sword—dreadful moment!—and smote me—ever so gently—on my left shoulder, saying in very low, sweet, and soft tones, "Rise, Sir Richard," and I became a dubbed knight, but not a belted one, as nowadays knights have to find their own belts.

Then came a very difficult part of the ceremony; I had to retire from the presence backward. Now, I had always been going forward during my previous life, and was somewhat doubtful as to how I should perform this retrograde movement. I remembered the fate of the Mayor of Truro, who, having presented an address to the Queen on board her yacht in Falmouth Harbor, walked backward into the sea. However, I stepped back a pace, and, having steadied myself, bowed, then another half a dozen paces, bowing again, and after repeating the operation once more, to my great relief, found myself at the door. The wearing of court-dress on such occasions is optional—a kindly arrangement, as it does not become persons of short stature; and in case of illness or inability to give personal attendance from any sufficient cause, patents of knighthood are issued. I have alluded to the case of the Mayor of Truro, who fell into the water while walking backward from the Queen's presence. On that same occasion the Mayor of Falmouth, who was a Quaker, waited upon Her Majesty to read the humble address of the Corporation, but on arriving found he had omitted to bring it. Profiting by the sad experience of His Worship of Truro, the Friend, who had conscientious objections to water baptism, especially by total immersion, took the liberty of retreating sideways, to the amusement of the Queen and her attendants. I must not forget to add that a gentleman who had been knighted a few years previously told me he got into trouble with Her Majesty by prematurely rising from his knee, the Queen saying, as he thought rather sternly, "Do not be in such haste!"

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Crossed the Atlantic to Dine

By John F. Coyle

THE Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, then "King of the French," as he was styled, visited this country in 1839. He was nominally in command of a French frigate, which landed him at Norfolk, Virginia, whence he went to Washington.

After a very brief stay at the National capital he visited General Mason at Analostan Island, Georgetown, D. C., and conveyed to him the kind remembrance of King Louis Philippe, who, when an exile and visiting America, was the guest of General Mason, and by whom he had been most hospitably entertained. Later the Prince returned to Washington and called upon President Van Buren, who received him most cordially and invited him to dine next day at the Executive Mansion. The Prince (according to the Chevalier de Barcourt, then Minister from France to the United States), however, did not accept nor personally decline the proffered courtesy, but departed for New York to embark for France, leaving the French Minister at our capital to make his excuses. Upon reaching Brest the Prince left his ship and hastened to Paris to pay his respects to the King. Louis Philippe at once inquired if he had seen and dined with President Van Buren, and when Prince de Joinville told him that he had not accepted the President's invitation to dinner the King was furious. He would hear no explanation, but administered a severe reprimand to his son, and peremptorily ordered him to return to the United States to make the proper amends, and to accept an invitation to dinner from the President.

The Prince returned on the frigate "La Belle Poule," the vessel, by-the-way, which conveyed Napoleon's remains from Saint Helena back to France. He reached Washington on the twenty-ninth of September, 1841. President Van Buren had been succeeded by President Harrison, who died within a month after his inauguration, and Mr. Tyler was the Nation's Chief Executive. The latter entertained the Prince at dinner, together with the French naval officers who accompanied him, the members of the foreign Legations, and Lord Prudhoe, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, who was visiting Washington, and members of the Cabinet. There was a grand public reception in the evening given in honor of the Prince.

De Joinville subsequently visited Mr. Van Buren at Kinderhook, New York, and so made the amende honorable to the satisfaction of the King. During Mr. Buchanan's administration De Joinville again visited Washington, where he was most cordially welcomed, and in 1861, with some compatriots, he revisited America, and served on the staff of General McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac. The Prince was popular in military and social circles, despite his blunder upon the occasion of his first visit to our country. This was set down to his youth and inexperience, and these, in addition to the amends he so amply made, brought him full forgiveness.

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Black Art at the Dinner-Table

ALTHOUGH the culinary art has in the last twenty years made rapid strides, still there is a certain sameness about dinner parties which, to the habitual diner-out, comes but little short of dull monotony, says the London Sun. Now and again, however, one comes across a hostess whose imagination, or eccentricity, is the means of providing a meal for her guests upon lines other than those upon which the ordinary dinner is given. Such a one was a lady who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington, and who every year gave what she termed a memorial dinner, on the anniversary of her husband's death.

The room in which the dinner was given was draped for the occasion in mauve and black, no other colors being visible. The tablecloth was likewise of mauve silk, while the only floral decorations in use were violets. The lady guests arrayed in either black or mauve dresses; the footmen were dressed in black plush breeches, mauve silk stockings and black coats. On dinner being announced the hostess took the head of the table, but on either side of her, seated upon two stools, sat two black poodle dogs, excellently clipped after the approved French fashion, and with mauve-colored ribbon bows on their heads. These two dogs had been great pets of the lady's husband during his lifetime, and it was for this reason that they were allowed a seat among the guests at the dinner-table. The menu was remarkable for the absence of any color in the viands, save mauve, the rest being either black or white. Thus the soup was white, likewise the fish and entrées. As regards game, the lady got over the difficulty, or at least met it half way, by providing black-cock. The sweets were either mauve-colored or white, while at the end of the dinner black coffee was served.

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